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IF I WERE A MAN.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

Were I a man wanting a wife
I'd never, never sit and whine—
On that I'd bet my very life—
I'd buckle on Love's armor bright
And win my way in loving strife;
I'd brush away all obstacles
With which Love's road is ever rife;
I'd woo, win, wed and wear my love
For my own peerless, precious wife!

I would not sit and sigh, and groan,
Because she did not smile;
Or her frigidity bemoan,
Be tearful all the while.
I'd go and court some other girl,
More sensible and fair,
And flood her heart with happiness,
All free from carking care!

Back from the Grave

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. BASSET'S JOURNAL

NOVEMBER 24TH.—I think we have got her in a vice. She knows we have discovered the plot, that we are aware that her lover meditates rescue to-morrow night. She has seen the open grave in which she has been told he will presently lie, and she has been told that the only way to save him is by consenting to marry Marcus at once. He has gone for her answer now, and I do not doubt that it will be an assent.

Some hours have passed since I wrote the above words. I was interrupted by the entrance of Marcus, who came to say that Christabel declined to become his wife, even when by that act she believed her lover's life would be forfeited.

I confess I was staggered for a moment; but suddenly a light broke in upon me.

"She has warned him!" I said.

He frowned heavily.

"Did you not keep her a close prisoner all day, as I desired?"

"Yes; she has never left her room, and she cannot possibly have even set eyes upon Joel Blake."

"Then she cannot have warned Mannesty."

"I am convinced that she has, though I cannot imagine how. She would not else have stood so firm. A desperate woman is full of resource. She has devised the means somehow, you may depend upon it. Never mind, my son," I said, "she shall be made to suffer for this. She shall think he is coming—if necessary, she shall think he is dead. We will break her spirit yet."

November 25th.—Marcus has been sullen all day. I know that the lust of murder is upon him. If by accident the rivals meet, blood will certainly be shed. However, I feel confident that Mannesty will not be at the rendezvous.

To make assurance doubly sure, I sent Carter out to have a good look round, and make sure he was not lurking anywhere about. She came back and assured me that there was no sign of him. She had been some way along the road to Alton Edge, and, having searched the premises well, she was convinced he is nowhere near.

"Master is watching by the grave," she concluded, "as if he expected him still."

"He is growing irritable with this delay; but it will not last long now."

A savage look came over Carter's face.

"Shall I go to that little hussy, ma'am, and make believe as I've seen her lover coming to his death?"

"If you like—yes; it would be a good plan, I think. Do not spare her; make her understand plainly what is going to happen, and have no mercy. Fool and frighten her to the top of her bent; and I think by to-morrow we shall find her quite tame."

I think I have provided against all contingencies, and can now go to rest and sleep in peace.

November 26th.—As I glance at those words written so quietly last night, I find it hard to believe that less than four-and-twenty hours have passed over my head—hours of such strain and expense as I hope never to endure again. It all seems like a hideous dream, from which however I think I may safely say we have all escaped thanks to my own resolution and presence of mind.

I had just locked away my journal last night, when Marcus came slowly into the room, and sat down heavily upon one of the chairs. His face wore an expression I shall never forget; his clothes were in great disorder.

"I have murdered Vere Mannesty!" he said hoarsely.

It was all I could do to repress an agonizing scream.

"You are dreaming, Marcus," I gasped, "or else you have been drinking!"

He looked at me with a savage mocking laugh, and held his hands up before my face.

"Look at them," he cried exultingly—"look at them! Does that look like the stain of wine?"

"Marcus," I said sternly, "do not trifle with me. Have you shed blood to-night?"

"I have! I have killed my foe—Vere Mannesty is dead! Ay, and buried too! I vowed I would not dig that grave in vain!"

My blood seemed to be freezing in my veins; but in a few moments I had regained my composure.

"Come and show me the place," I said. "Tell me how it all happened."

He rose and led me down to the outer door, talking all the time in the same fierce wild way.

"He came—he came to his doom, as I felt he would. I knew I should not have to watch in vain to-night. I knew, as I sat beside that grave, that it would not long be tenantless. His or mine—his or mine—my grave or his! After all it did not so much matter whose it was!"

"Marcus," I said, "you talk very strangely. I do not understand you."

"Do you not?" he cried with a mocking laugh. "I should have thought you would. You must know the wild intoxication that follows the accomplishment of such a deed. You know what it feels like to see one's victim lying dead before one's eyes!"

"Marcus," I exclaimed sternly, "be silent! I know there is no one to hear us; but some things are always best left unsaid."

"Afraid now? Afraid, after all these years of safety? Ha, ha—'let sleeping dogs lie'—is that it, mother? But they won't always sleep, you know, that's the worst of them; they wake up sometimes, growling and snapping, and then one feels impelled to kill the memory of one crime by another. Murder runs in our family, I think—like mother, like son!"

Marcus was in so wild a mood that even to the last I hoped this crime might have been some delusion of a heated brain; but when we reached the scene of action that vague hope was quickly dispelled. There were traces of a life-and-death struggle; there was a pool of blood upon the ground, and there was plainly visible, even in the darkness, the dreadful trail left when he had dragged the corpse from the spot where it had fallen to the grave where it now lay buried.

Looking round, I saw a white object lying at some little distance from the edge of the grave. I picked it up and examined it by the now bright rays of the moon. It was a handkerchief marked in the corner with the name "V. Mannesty."

There was no doubting evidence like this. The body of the unfortunate young man lay buried in the grave beside the wall.

Carefully, and as well as was able, I removed all traces of the dreadful deed, while Marcus watched me, a sinister smile upon his face, without attempting to render any assistance.

When I had finished I took him indoors, examined his clothes, and made him remove such as bore any traces of the fray, which I burnt with my own hands.

When he had washed himself and put on clean garments, he seemed to come to himself.

"Marcus," I said, "sit down and listen to me. You have committed a murder, and you must fly before the crime is discovered."

"Whatever happens to me, at least I am revenged!" he muttered.

"Quite so; but if you are taken Christabel will never be your wife. Your revenge will bear no fruit."

That thought sobered him immediately.

"True," he said—"that is very true! You speak with sense, mother. Marry Christabel I must and will! These hands, stained with her lover's life-blood, shall plight their troth with her at the altar before another day has passed. Let us go to her now, and tell her that her lover is dead. I must and will tell her how we have laid him in his grave—the grave she visited the other day."

I saw it would be dangerous to cross him so I let him have his way. I went with him to Christabel's rooms.

The door in the corridor was shut and locked as usual. I turned the key and drew the bolts, and together we entered.

But for some minutes we searched the rooms in vain, and a horrible fear seized us that she had escaped.

At last an exclamation from Marcus reached me. At the farther end of the corridor lay Christabel in a dead faint, while beneath the grated aperture that gave light and air to the corridor stood a chair with a stool upon it, from which elevated station the girl had evidently fallen.

A new fear assailed me. Why had we both forgotten that opening when we had closed and darkened the windows so effectually? I climbed up on the chair and stool and looked out. Yes, it was just as I believed.

A full view could be obtained from this window of the place where the grave had been. Christabel must have heard the sound of the conflict, and have seen my son burying the body of her lover.

This was a new element of danger, yet I saw an easy way of coping with the evil. I roused Carter to attend to her, and made Marcus come with me to my room. He seemed each moment to become more calm and self-contained; he had evidently begun to think of consequences himself.

"Marcus," I said, "you have the special license?"

"Yes."

"And you have arranged with a clerical friend at Fenmore Sands to perform the ceremony at a moment's notice?"

"Yes."

"And he will make no difficulties over Christabel's condition?"

Marcus smiled contemptuously.

"No! he! He is half a fool and half a knave, and knows too well on which side his bread is buttered. The license is all right, and my fee is worth having."

"Very good; and there are always vessels going across to Holland?"

"There is a vessel in the bay now, and the captain is a friend of mine. He is going to wait for me, and to sail the moment I give the word, for any port I choose. My wife's fortune is coming in very useful. It is wonderful what a few thousand pounds can accomplish."

I heaved a sigh of relief.

"Now listen to me," I said. "It is necessary that you should lose no time. This very evening at dusk you must carry Christabel away. You must engage a carriage to be here at seven. You will be at Fenmore Sands soon after eight, and by telegraphing to your friends you can be married and on board by nine. Mannesty will not be missed for a day or two, because he has been living such a vagrant life lately, staying sometimes at the village inn, sometimes with the Lovelaces, or visiting his parents at the Manor House. If he does not turn up at one place, he will be supposed to be at one of the others; and, as for Christabel, after whatshe has seen she will not be likely to prove troublesome."

"No; at any rate we can manage her," answered Marcus fiercely. "Once let her be my wife, and I will conquer her. She shall love me, or I will kill her!"

"Well, make sure of the money, and do as you like. I do not profess any interest in the girl. By-the-way, is it all safely managed with regard to the money? Can you get at it easily? Have you realised much?"

"Enough to keep me going for some time. If I had known I was going to commit murder I would have realised more, but no doubt we shall manage very well. We can soon plan some good scheme; besides, I do not see what evidence can be brought against me. Nothing but the discovery of the body could implicate me, and would ever think of looking for it here?"

"Joel Blake knows," I reminded him.

"You must take care of Joel Blake," he answered. "He is locked up now in his loft, well drugged, and with a supply of food. Leave him there for twenty-four hours at least, and then get him quietly away. Nobody will think anything of that. He often wanders off, as you know, for weeks together. It would be best to shut him up in some lunatic asylum far away from here, where his babbling, if he did babble, would attract nobody's attention."

"Leave Joel to me," I said; "I will take care he does no mischief. You make your arrangements for flight. Carter shall go with you and stay to see you married and safely on board, and then return to tell me all has gone well. When once you are off I will see that no suspicions are aroused. I have managed to tide over one crisis, and I think you may trust me with the second, at least."

So then we parted to snatch a few hours of rest, if not sleep, to refresh us for the work of the day that would shortly dawn.

All went as well as we could wish. Christabel lay in a stupor of exhaustion the whole day. I do not think she once awoke to any consciousness of what was passing around her.

Towards dusk all preparations were complete, the driver of the carriage came up for final orders, and I left Christabel for a few minutes to go and speak to him. I was well satisfied with the result. He was a villainous-looking creature, and not likely to be touched by compassion even if Christabel should wake up to a consciousness of her position and appeal to him for mercy.

She offered no resistance when I dressed her for the journey, asked not a single question, and was perfectly passive when

Marcus lifted her in his arms and bore her to the carriage.

As it rolled away a load seemed to be lifted from my heart. Up to the very last, I had been fearful of some obstacle arising suddenly; but all has gone smoothly, and will not doubt do so to the end.

VERE MANNESTY'S NARRATIVE RESUMED.

I went up to town on necessary business upon the Wednesday preceding the Tuesday fixed for my wedding. Winifred and Christabel were at the station to see me off, and nothing seemed running more smoothly than the course of our true love at this time.

I had had my hours of doubt and despondency—my fears that the guardian's consent would be denied us, or that he would claim custody of Christabel during the remainder of her minority. But one by one these fears had vanished, and, now that our wedding-day was not a week distant, I did feel that the prize was within my grasp.

I was very busy in town, as a man generally is on the eve of his wedding. Thursday passed quickly away, and on Friday morning I had a letter from my darling Christabel.

I noticed two points about it that struck me as odd. One was that the envelope had been addressed by Winifred; the second, that the letter was not concluded or signed.

It had evidently been written upon Christabel's return from seeing me off, and had been left unfinished then, to be added to on the following day; but evidently something had happened to engross Christabel's time and attention to the exclusion of all else, and at the last moment Winifred had had to seal up the unfinished missive for the post.

I was not uneasy however, for I felt convinced that, had anything gone wrong, she would have written at once to warn me; and was I not going back to-morrow to see them all again?

Saturday brought me no letter; but I was hardly surprised, for Christabel did not write every day when we were absent from each other, and, as I was to be at Alton Edge that night, there was no special reason why she should do so to-day.

I completed my business in good time, caught the train previously fixed upon, and arrived at my journey's end just as dusk was falling.

Trevor's carriage was waiting for me, and I quite expected to find Christabel inside. She however was not in it, and I felt a qualm of uneasiness.

"Miss Devereux is well, I hope?" I asked the footman who was holding open the carriage-door.

"Yes, sir; she went with Mr. Basset to Fenmore End yesterday afternoon."

"But she has come back?"

"No, sir—at least, not yet! She is going to stay there a few days, I'm told."

"Impossible," I thought, "when we are to be married on Tuesday!" However, I said no more to the man beyond bidding him direct the coachman to drive fast.

The house at Alton Edge looked bright and cheerful as the carriage drew up at its hospitable door.

A blaze of light from the hall shone out the moment the door was opened; yet Christabel was not there, and nothing looked bright to me. I was profoundly anxious and perplexed, and I sprang up the steps and entered the house, eager for some explanation of the strange story I had heard.

Winifred was on the look-out for me. She came quickly down the great staircase, took both my hands in hers, and kissed me without a word.

It was by no means the first time that Winifred had kissed me since I arrived at man's estate, yet somehow to-night that kiss, together with her unwonted silence, told me in a moment that something was seriously wrong.

"What has happened?" I asked hoarsely. "Where is Christabel?"

"At her guardian's. It may be all right—— But come up to my boudoir, my poor boy, and have some tea. There is a great deal for you to hear."

I followed her up-stairs in silence until we reached the seclusion of her boudoir.

"Winifred, don't keep me in suspense," I pleaded. "Has he put any obstacle in the way of our wedding on Tuesday?"

Winifred, I could see, was in a state of considerable agitation. She hardly seemed to know what to say; but I was in no humor to brook delay.

"Speak!" I said almost harshly. "Let me know the worst at once."

"He says you are married, Vere; he has got the certificate and Trevor says it is quite genuine—and the certificates of two children too. And Christabel believes in them, and doesn't want to see any of us again!" Winifred put her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbed; but then she suddenly sat up, brushed away her tears and added—"Unless they are tampering with her and with her letters, and deceiving us all. Trevor says that is is absurd and impossible; but I detest those Bassets. Vere—my dear, dear boy—I have loved you ever since you were an ugly cross baby in long clothes—tell me the whole truth—you are not married, are you?"

I was so aghast, so utterly bewildered by this mass of extraordinary information, that I actually laughed—the whole thing seemed so egregiously ridiculous.

"Married! Winifred, what do you take me for? No, I am not married!"

Winifred put out her hand, and laid it upon mine.

"I believe you, Vere. I don't care that"—with a snap of the fingers—"for all Marcus Basset's certificates!"

"Thank you most kindly, Winifred," I answered. "And now tell me all that has happened."

She told me the tale of Basset's sudden appearance at Alton Edge, and of the arguments he adduced for carrying Christabel off with him.

I saw well enough how impossible it would have been to attempt resistance. The man was her guardian, and he spoke fairly enough, whatever his deeds were like.

"That was on Thursday," continued Winifred, "and on Friday morning we had this letter from her."

I scanned it eagerly, and read—

"Dearest Winifred—I am very unhappy; but all that my guardian says is quite true, and I have been cruelly deceived. I never wish to see Vere again; and I think I had better stay here a good while. They are very kind to me, and I only feel now as if I wanted rest and quiet, which I can best get here. By-and-by I shall want to see you, but not just yet. I am sure you will understand, and not think me ungrateful. I want to forget as quickly as I can, and seeing you would only make me remember, I think if I am left quite alone I shall be better soon. I like Mrs. Basset, and she is very kind to me. I am not afraid of my guardian now; he seems to be a sort of protector to me.

"Yours very affectionately,
"CHRISTABEL."

"The handwriting is Christabel's," I said, after reading the letter very carefully, and closely scrutinizing every word; "but the composition is not in the least like hers."

"No, it isn't," assented Winifred, as if struck with the fact for the first time—"not in the least! Besides, that letter must have been written during the first two hours of her stay at Fenmore End; and it is perfectly ridiculous to suppose that she could have written in that calm and cold-blooded way if she had been convinced of your guilt and treachery. Why, it would have been days before she could have reasoned about herself like that."

Winifred's womanly perception had arrived at the same conclusion as my masculine logic.

"There has been some trick here," I declared. "I must look into it closely. If Christabel wrote this note at all, it was written under compulsion."

"And this too," said Winifred, handing a slip of paper to me; and then she told me of the visit to Fenmore End the day before, and its result.

Trevor Lovelace came in during the recital; we were too much engrossed in Winifred's story to do more than exchange nods, yet I fancied his manner was a little more distant than was usual with him, and he paced up and down the room as if absorbed in thoughts of no very agreeable kind.

"And you came away without making an attempt to see her?" I asked reproachfully.

"It was out of the question," put in Trevor quickly. "She did not wish it, as you can see for yourself."

"I do not believe Christabel wrote that note of her own free will."

"That is absurd," answered Trevor, "for it was written in answer to a message sent up while we were sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Basset, and came down in the course of a few minutes. I asked you if it was possible she should be coerced into submission in that time! Besides who but her guardian would have that power over her? The idea is preposterous! That note came straight from Christabel herself, and I am bound to say I think she shows wisdom in her decision."

I got up then and faced my host.

"Let us understand one another, Lovelace. Do you believe that I am a married man?"

"I hope you are a widower," he answered suavely. "I should be slow to think the first; but you should not have acted so secretly. Upon my word, Mannesty, it is an ugly piece of business, look at it as you will."

"I give you my word of honor, Lovelace, that I never married—that the certificates you have seen are absolute fabrications. There is not a syllable of truth in the whole story. I give you my hand upon it; and, if you will go with me, as soon as I can spare the time, to the church where these registers are kept, we may be able to detect how the error has occurred."

Trevor looked doubtful still, yet my words were not without effect.

"The documents were genuine enough. I know too much about such things to be easily deceived. Some one calling himself Vere Mannesty, of Altonbridge Manor House, did certainly marry one Lucy Wickham some years ago, in some place the name of which has slipped my memory. It is a very odd thing altogether."

"What is the name of the place?"

"I can't remember. Perhaps you can."

I was not angry with Trevor. Of course he had a right to his own opinion. I was no kinsman of his, and Marcus Basset was. It was natural, I suppose, for him to take his cousin's word against mine.

"Try to remember," I urged. "I wish to write at once for copies myself."

"You had better call on Basset on Monday, and look at them for yourself. Then you can take what steps you think are proper."

"But he and Christabel are to be married on Tuesday," cried Winifred. "There is not time for that sort of thing. Vere says he is not married, and I should just like to order the carriage and drive straight over and carry her off. I know she is being kept a prisoner there against her will, poor darling!"

"My love, you are absurd and unreasonable," returned Trevor, who could take the upper hand on occasion. "You had better rid yourself as quick as possible of such wild ideas. Christabel is in her guardian's house, under the care of her lawful protector, and he has a perfect right to her there, whether she likes it or not. It is foolish to talk about imprisonment. In these days that sort of thing is quite out of date, not to say impossible. She may or may not enjoy her visit; but Basset is quite right to detain her until all this unpleasant mystery is cleared up; and I say that we have absolute proof that she wishes to remain where she is, and is content to forget the past."

"That shows how little you know Christabel," said Winifred, with some spirit.

"And shows me that you still believe me a scoundrel," I added.

"Now, my dear fellow, I never said any such thing," returned Lovelace equably. "I don't suppose it's as bad as all that. I suppose you have sown your wild oats like other young fellows, and somehow there has been an exaggeration, or something; and Christabel, at any rate, believes in this former marriage—and not without some show of reason."

"And you believe it yourself?"

"I don't say that. I wish to believe in you as long as I can; but I confess those documents staggered me. Still I have known you a long while, Vere, and I withhold my judgment till you have had time to clear yourself; but I do say I will have no absurdities set on foot with regard to Christabel. Basset has evidence to justify every step he has taken, and he has acted throughout in a very moderate and becoming way. He could not possibly have permitted the marriage to take place, when it might have proved illegal, unsuitable. My advice to you is to see him first, and afterwards you must take such steps as you judge right and fitting. But remember he is her guardian, and you cannot expect him to give up his rights over her until he is amply satisfied. If he chooses to keep her under his care till she is of age, he has a perfect right to do so, and you cannot possibly interfere."

Winifred and I exchanged glances. These words sounded ominous in our ears, but we knew they were only too true. It was horrible to think that Christabel was torn from us and shut up in that gloomy house with those terrible Bassets; but for the moment we were powerless to help her. Rescue her however I was determined I would, whatever Trevor Lovelace might say.

The next day, Sunday, was marked with three incidents. The first was the receipt of a letter by the morning's post from Mrs. Basset, reporting Christabel to be still weak and shaken, but recovering from the shock as well as could be expected.

It enclosed another scrap of Christabel's—or what looked like it—saying that she hoped in about a week's time to be able to see Winifred, and that Mrs. Basset would drive her over to Alton Edge as soon as she felt able to go. Only Vere, she said, must not be there.

Each time I saw one of these notes I was more convinced that they were not genuine. It was an instinct I could not reason about, but I was as certain of it as if I had held the proofs.

The second incident was the visit I paid to my mother, to apprise her and my father of all that had occurred, and to receive their sympathy and advice. They believed in me and they shared my deep-seated anxiety concerning the probable motive that had urged the Bassets to this course of action.

We discussed the situation long and earnestly in all its bearings; and it was by my mother's advice that upon my return to Alton Edge I at once removed my baggage and betook myself to the little village inn at Fenmore End, where I intended to remain for a time to watch the movements of one whom I now knew to be my enemy.

This incident greatly excited Winifred and won her hearty approval, though I believe Trevor thought us both a little mad. I think he began to believe in my innocence, but that did not make him suspicious of the Bassets. He fancied there had been some mistake and that as soon as this was rectified all would be well again.

Winifred and I were less sanguine. We believed it was all a foul plot which it might be difficult to discover and still more difficult to frustrate; but I was determined not to be baffled and in a somewhat desperate state of mind, I drove over to Fenmore End and took up my abode in the best rooms of the little inn.

Monday came, and with it the consciousness that the time for action had now arrived, the time for carrying out of the various plans and projects that had been maturing in my mind.

I had to keep two points well in view, as I told myself again and again, for somehow they were points difficult to realise. The first was that Marcus Basset had not in any way exceeded the powers given him in right of his guardianship of Christabel, and that he had acted throughout with every appearance of moderation and good faith.

The second was that I had a vestige of authority for the theory of coercion and imprisonment that both Winifred and I had from the very first adopted and that it behooved me to act, at any rate in the first place, as if I had no cause of complaint against the Bassets, except that they had raised against me a mistaken charge.

For a time at least the notion must be kept up that Basset was acting rightly and kindly towards his ward.

Soon after breakfast I walked up to the dismal-looking house and pulled the rusty bell-handle.

"My master cannot see you."

These words were uttered by a grim-looking serving man, almost before I had had time to put my question. He held the door open a very little way, and barred the space by his sturdy form, as if he expected me to try to force my way in.

"Tell Mr. Basset," I said, "that it is necessary for me to see him upon business of the utmost importance. I will wait upon him at any time he may appoint, but see him I must."

"I tell you he won't see you," the man answered.

"Go and give him my message. I will wait till you come back."

"You'll wait till doomsday then, I'm thinking! The master won't see you not at no time at all. Them's my orders. Do you understand now?"

"Can I see Miss Devereux?"

"You can go to Jericho!" bawled the man, slamming the door in my face; and I heard him draw a bolt on the inside, as if he thought I had become prepared for assault.

"He has thrown the mask off quickly!" I thought; "or else that man has obeyed the spirit rather than the letter of his instructions. Perhaps it is better to know the worst at first."

See Marcus Basset however I must and would.

My best plan, I thought, would be to watch the house until he came out, and then confront him before he had time to escape.

I walked about the neglected shrubberies and dark rush-grown lawns, watching the door and the windows of the house, in the hope that Basset might come out, or

that Christabel might show herself; but I waited and watched in vain, and presently the man I had seen before came out and roughly ordered me off Marcus Basset's premises.

He made no answer to any comment or question addressed to him, but conducted me to a door in the wall that encircled the whole of this dreary abode, and as soon as I was on the other side he closed and locked it against any further intrusion.

Baffled for a time, I was still determined not to be beaten and I paced slowly round and round the wall that shut in Basset's property, noting every point at which, by means of climbing ivy or a tree, ingress or egress might at some future time be effected. The lodge gate, by which I had entered an hour ago, was locked now, I observed and as I tried the fastenings a dark-browed man came out.

"You can't get in," he said roughly. "My orders are to keep you out. The master don't want gentry like you hanging about his place. Be off!"

It was useless and absurd to show any anger towards these boors. I moved slowly away. Yet I was conscious of an impulse of fierce anger and distress as I thought of Christabel shut up among creatures like this. What had happened to her during the weary days that she had been a captive within these grim walls?

I could not tear myself away from the spot. I could not give up hoping that by some accident I might be able to accomplish one at least of the object of my visit; and as I strode along the road, absorbed in gloomy thought, I became aware that somebody was walking just behind me. Turning suddenly and sharply round, I was confronted by the poor idiot of Fenmore End, whom I had known by sight from childhood, and whom I had many times rescued from petty persecution.

Joel Blake had thus become warmly attached to me. I did not often see him, yet he never forgot me and the trifling services I had rendered him from time to time had evoked a depth of love and gratitude out of all proportion to the amount of kindness shown. I felt that Joel would gladly have laid down his life for me had occasion arisen.

"Well, Joel, my man," I said, stopping to speak to him. "How are you and what are you doing with yourself just now? Have you any work?"

He grinned, delighted at being noticed.

"Yes—yes, yes—plenty of work! Joel a gardener now—works for Mr. Marcus Basset!"

We walked on, chatting together and presently I began to wonder if I could not turn my influence over Joel to some account.

He paused at length beside a small green door, and took a key from his pocket.

"All doors locked now—all locked," he said, as he fitted in his key.

Joel was easily managed. I spoke to him as he opened the door, and distracted his attention for a moment. When he passed inside he omitted to lock the door, just as I had intended he should.

I paced up and down for a while, listening intently for the sound of voices, lest any one else chanced to be near; but all was quiet save the sound of of Joel's spade as he pursued his work with steady diligence. When I felt convinced that the man was alone in this enclosure, which I knew to be the kitchen-garden of the house I opened the door gently and stepped in.

I found myself within the precincts of the dismal little place I had once seen from the windows of the rooms where the unfortunate Eliza Basset had met her tragic end.

When I was a little lad, Winifred had once taken me to the house, in the temporary absence of Mrs. Basset, and I had been greatly fascinated by the prison-like rooms where the poor woman had died, as well as by the dank and dreary aspect of the little walled garden upon which the windows looked.

And now I stood within those very walls and the horrid thought flashed in my mind—

"Have they put my darling in those same gloomy rooms?"

My answer was prompt, for Christabel—pale, wan and wistful—stood herself at one of the grated windows!

She saw me; she shook the heavy window sash, but she could not raise it. Then she broke a pane of glass, and I heard her sweet voice assuring me of her love and confidence.

It was but a few words we could exchange, but they were enough for my purpose.

All doubt was at an end. She was a prisoner, detained against her will; she did not believe the evidence fabricated against me. Those letters, purporting to be from her, had been forgeries.

We knew the worst now; no violence and no treachery could shake our faith in each other, and I would not leave her long in her prison.

It was evident she feared for my safety, as did Joel too. I knew I might do harm rather than good by staying longer. I had accomplished already more than I had dared to hope; might it not lead to better things in time?

I let myself out by the garden door, and heard it locked against me. As I turned away I encountered the keen cold glance of Marcus Basset.

He was standing with folded arms, beneath a dark yew-tree, not fifty paces away. I started as I saw him, for there was something spectral in his appearance and in his threatening aspect.

"I called to see you this morning, Mr. Basset," I said, going up to him, "and was refused admittance. Was it by your orders?"

"It was," he replied.

"Then I am fortunate to have met you now. I have a good deal to explain to you."

"Perhaps you will be good enough to explain, in the first place, what you mean by prowling about my ground when you have no business there!"

"Miss Devereux, my promised bride, is detained in your house against her will. I naturally wish to see her, to convince her, as I can at any time convince you, that the evidence upon which you have thought fit to forbid the marriage is utterly false and can be confuted without the least difficulty. The story you have heard of a former marriage is absolutely and entirely untrue."

"I hold the proofs in my own hands," he returned, with a sneer.

"So I hear; and those proofs I demand to see."

"It is quite unnecessary. They are properly attested certificates, as my cousin, Trevor Lovelace, will tell you. If you wish duplicates, you can obtain them by applying at the right place."

"At what place?"

"At the place where you were married. You will find it all in the parish register."

I bit my lip to keep myself calm and answered—

"As I never was married, I cannot well recall the name of the place."

"If your memory is so very short," he rejoined coldly and contemptuously, "you had better go and ask your wife!"

I confess I longed to spring upon him at that moment and throttle him as he stood; but the instincts of civilisation are wonderfully strong, and, instead, I spoke quite politely—

"Then you decline to show me the certificates, or tell me the name of the place where the register is to be found? Am I right in asserting so much?"

"Perfectly right. I am not the man to have patience with lying and hypocrisy. You know as well as I do where you were married, and that I cannot permit my ward to go through the ceremony of marriage with a man who has a wife already! Christabel is a foolish, inexperienced girl, and does not know what is good for her; but I shall take care of her, and keep her from ruining herself!"

"And continue forging letters in her name, telling of her well-being when all the time she is being kept in close confinement!"

His eyes flashed ominously.

"Christabel will soon become used to her changed circumstances. Girls are all alike; they chafe against lawful constraint, but they like a strong hand over them all the same. She is happy and well cared for under my roof, and there she will remain as long as I think fit."

"And that will be?"

"Until I am satisfied that she is cured of her infatuation."

Then he turned upon his heel and left me. I had learned by that time nearly all I wished to know.

The mask of fair-seeming had at least been dropped before me. Whether I could turn this to good account remained to be proved.

The next morning I was again at the door of the kitchen-garden, hoping that Joel, either by accident or design, might have left the door open.

Christabel would certainly be looking out for me. If I could only see her for a moment something would be accomplished. I should know that she was there still—that no evil had befallen her.

My hopes had not played me false. The door was only on the latch. I stepped quickly within and raised my eyes to the barred windows. All the clear glass had been removed and opaque ground-glass had been put in its place, entirely precluding the possibility of the captive's seeing or being seen. Marcus Basset had witnessed our brief interview and had taken care it should not be repeated.

As I gazed upwards, in anger and dismay, I felt a strong hand laid upon my shoulder and a familiar voice sounded in my ears—

"If I find you trespassing upon my property, I shall have you given into custody!"

I pointed sternly to the windows.

"So that is the way you treat your captive! Even daylight is denied her! It shall be my business to make public such treatment and see how far the law allows it."

"I suppose the law will allow me to glaze my own windows in my own way. You cannot prove that Christabel is a captive, though you choose to assert it. You saw her once at those windows—does that prove that she can get to no others?"—and he laughed mockingly. "Christabel has the run of the whole house, and is growing happy and contented. What more do you wish?"

"I wish to see her—to speak to her myself."

"I dare say! Anything else?"

"I shall be content with that. Do you know that to-day she ought to be my wife?"

A dark look came over his face.

"She will never be your wife!" he said, with an air of certainty that chilled me, despite my determination not to be cast down.

"That remains to be proved. Remember that in fifteen months she will be of age—your power over her will then cease."

He looked at me in a way that I shall never forget.

"In fifteen days she will be my wife—my power shall cease only with her life!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COOKING THE DOCTOR.—The managing doctor of a private asylum in Russia (so the story runs) lately had complaints laid before him by one of the patients, who was considered convalescent, as to the poor quality of food which was given, particularly the soup, which he stated was half water.

The doctor, thinking it was not unlikely that the cooks took advantage of the weak intellects of the patients to tamper with the food, and acting upon the suggestion of the man who laid his complaint in a very coherent manner, at once proceeded to the kitchen to inspect the soup which was boiling in a huge cauldron over the fire.

He lifted the lid, and was about to take out a small quantity to test it, when he was startled by the patient, who had followed him into the kitchen, whispering in his ear, "Do you know, doctor, you are so nice and fat, you would make good strong broth."

The man then seized him by the shoulders, preparatory to throwing him into the cauldron. The doctor knew that it would be useless to struggle with the lunatic, who was tall and powerful. With great presence of mind he said quietly, "I quite agree with you, it is an excellent idea, but I fear my clothes will spoil the flavor of the soup. Let me first go and take them off."

The madman seemed to see the force of this reasonable request, and permitted the doctor to leave the kitchen. By this means the latter was able to call for assistance and have the man placed under arrest.

THE WHIPPING OF CHILDREN.—I have never struck my two children, said a young American father the other day, though I have often been tempted strongly to it, and sometimes would not have blamed any parent for doing so.

But I was thrashed so much by my own father, a good enough man, too, that I always stood in fear of him, seldom told him the truth if I could help it, and never confided in him.

Often I was whipped for errors I had committed with good intentions, and I remember the wild spirit of hatred that used to come over me at such times, when smarting under the blows I felt I did not deserve. I would get away by myself and swear silent but bitter oaths that would have opened the old gentleman's eyes to his folly, perhaps, if he could have heard them from so young a child. So I made a vow that I would never beat my own children. And now I feel sure that they do not stand in physical fear of me. I am pretty certain they tell me the truth, and I know they confide in me as a friend.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE ROSE.—Cupid bribed Harpokrates with a rose to conceal the amours of his mother Venus; Harpokrates was the god of Silence, represented with his finger on his lips. Hence roses are sculptured on the ceilings of the banquet-rooms and the Athenians wore crowns of these flowers at feasts, which signified that the indiscreet words there spoken, were to go no farther; an Athenian wishing to communicate a secret to another placed a rose in his hair.

TREES.—A Cypress tree in Somma, Lombardy, is said to have been standing since the time of Julius Cæsar. Napoleon, in making a road over the Simplon, deviated from a straight line that he might not be obliged to cut it down. Cypress wood is very enduring, and for this reason, no doubt, it was used for mummy cases and statues. Pliny tells us, a statue of Jupiter carved from Cypress wood remained standing for six hundred years. In Turkish cemeteries it is a rule to plant a tree of this variety at every interment. Cypanissus, a beautiful youth, was transformed into a Cypress by Apollo, that he might grieve all the time. The Cypress is an emblem of mourning.

MAHOMET AND THE MOUNTAIN.—The well-known saying "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain," is said to have originated as follows: When Mahomet first declared his system of religion to the Arabs they demanded proofs of his miraculous power, such as Christians claimed for Jesus and Moses. Mahomet replied that it would be tempting God and provoking His wrath, to grant their demand. Nevertheless, he commanded Mount Sofa to come to him. Of course it didn't. Whichupon he exclaimed: "God is merciful! Had it obeyed my words it would have fallen on us to our destruction. I will therefore go to the mountain and thank God that He has had mercy on a stiff-necked generation."

MAY AND JUNE.—Rain in May is a good sign: "A dripping May is good for hay." The old Hebrew name of of this month was "Sivan," which means "to rejoice." One of the spring prophecies of harvest weather is, "A wet spring, a dry harvest." In the "leafy month" of June, sunshine and dry weather are good omens. "Calm weather in June sets corn in tune," and "Mid-summer rain spoils hay and grain." At all seasons of the year you may turn your eyes to the moon as a trustworthy weather-prophetress. A pale moon is a sign of rain, a red moon of wind, and a clear, bright moon promises dry weather. "The moon in her circle brings water in her beak." A wide circle, some distance from the moon, shows that the coming rain is not very near; but a circle close to the moon tells of immediate wet weather. Cocks are considered weather prophets—"If the cock crows going to bed he'll certainly rise with a watery head." And snails foretell rain in their own way:—"When black snails cross your path, black clouds much moisture bath."

JAPANESE NAMES.—Their mode of naming is very different from ours. Every child on reaching the age of thirty days is taken to the temple, where the ceremony of naming is performed in presence of one of the bonzes or priests. The father writes three names on a slip of paper, which he hands to the priest, who copies the names on separate bits of paper. He then, with an appeal to the diety of the temple, casts the slips into the air and that which reaches the floor first gives the name to the child. This name is written by the priest on a slip of blessed paper, which is worn as a talisman throughout the life of the newly-named person. It is also written in the books of the temple, whose priests never lose sight of its owner during his life. This however, is but the first name. On attaining his majority, at fifteen years of age, he is given a second name. A third name is given him when married. If he should obtain a public office, he takes with it a fourth name. At every successive promotion a new name is added. Strangest of all, still another name is given after death, which is cut on his tombstone, and by which he is known to posterity.

R. A. GUNN, M. D., Dean, and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College; Editor of "Medical Tribune;" Author of "Gunn's New Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and domestic Medicine," in referring to the use of Warner's Safe Cure in a case of Bright's disease said, over his own signature: "I was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month. Within four months, no tube casts could be found, and only a trace of albumen; and, as he expressed it, he felt perfectly well. After this demonstration of its power, I prescribed it in full doses in both acute and chronic Bright's disease; with the most satisfactory results."

WORDS AND DEEDS.

BY L. M. G.

Sweet kindly words, and loving deeds,
Are human nature's daily needs;
Then let us scatter them like seeds,
And choke out all Hate's noxious weeds.

Life is too short to spend in strife,
And with Misfortune is too rife.
A cruel word stabs like a knife,
And oft embitters a whole life.

A tender touch, a gentle tone,
May often cheer hearts sad and lone,
And on Hope's altar, Love enthrone,
And for Fate's tyranny atone.

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRINS AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(CONTINUED.)

LORD CLARENCE sprang to his feet, his face pale and agitated.

"It is all a mistake," he said.

"It is," assented the old man grimly. "He thinks you and she are engaged——"

"I know! I know!" said Clarence, "I!" madly. "It is not me she cares for. There is no time to lose. I must catch him—I really must!" and he moved towards the door.

Mr. Barrington took up his hat.

"I'll go with you," he said. "I must put this tangle straight, somehow, at any cost. Here is one of the finest properties in England going begging——"

"And the noblest girl's heart breaking!" murmured Clarence.

They jumped into a hansom and drove to the hotel.

"His lordship was driven to meet the Paris mail, sir," said the porter. "Charing Cross Station."

They made for the station and followed him by the next train.

"If he stays in Paris a few hours we shall catch him," said Mr. Barrington grimly. "If he goes straight on, then—" and he shrugged his shoulder,—"Heaven knows where we shall surely see or hear of him next."

They reached Paris, and tried as they were, set about tracing Lord Heron at the various hotels.

They found tidings of him at the "Grande."

Yes; Milord Coverdale had been there, they were informed; but his lordship had gone, leaving instructions that his luggage was to be retained until he sent directions for it.

Mr. Barrington shrugged his broad shoulders.

"I think we will go and have some dinner," he said grimly.

They made their way to one of the restaurants on the Boulevards, and were examining the menu, when Lord Clarence sprang to his feet, for Lord Heron had just entered.

He looked tired and wayworn, and his face scarcely changed as Mr. Barrington spoke his name and he saw them.

"What is the matter?" he said with quick apprehension. "Is she——"

"Ill?" he was going to add, but Mr. Barrington broke in:

"Nothing is the matter. Lord Montacute has something to say to you, that is all. Hadn't we better get something to eat?" he added almost piteously, for Clarence had risen and made for the door.

"You get your dinner," he said very gravely. "I must speak to Lord Coverdale at once."

The two men passed out.

For a moment Clarence seemed as if, now that he had found Lord Heron, he could not put his purpose into words; at last he said:

"Lord Coverdale, there are times when we must break through conventional rules and speak as man to man—this is one of them. You know me; you may know that for years past I have been moved by one idea, one purpose. Can you guess that?"

Lord Heron linked his arm within that of his companion.

"I think I can guess," he said in a low voice.

"Lord Coverdale, the one absorbing desire of my life has been to win Miss Knighton for my wife!"

Heron Coverdale stopped short and his face paled.

"And it is gratified!" he said; "is it not so? You are to be married? I wish you every happiness—I congratulate you—Lord Montacute," he said hoarsely.

"Spare your congratulations," said Clarence sadly; "they are not called for! I am not going to marry Iris Knighton, for the best of all reasons."

"The best of all reasons! What reasons?" said Lord Heron, stopping again.

Clarence drew him into a quiet corner beneath the trees, and out of the glare of the lights.

"Because she loves another man," he said bravely, but with a twitching of the lips.

Heron stared and looked at him intently.

"Why do you follow me to tell me this?" he said, almost painfully.

"Because the other man is yourself!" replied Clarence succinctly.

"Me?" exclaimed Heron, his grasp on Clarence's arm tightening.

"Yes, you!" he repeated. "Don't ask me how I know it, but I do know it, as surely and certainly as I know that we are standing here, and that it is my misfortune to have to tell it you."

Heron stared at him like some one in a dream.

"When did you know this?" he demanded, almost inaudibly.

"On Saturday," said Clarence, quietly and sadly. "I can't argue about it, Coverdale; it is a fact! It is Heaven's own truth, and there is an end of it! I have followed you here—I would have followed you to Africa if there had been need for it—to tell you! I can't have her for my wife, but I must have her for my friend! Go back to London at once, and—to her," and he turned his head away.

Heron seized his hand.

"Montacute, this is noble of you!" he breathed. "What can I say?"

Then he dropped his hand suddenly, and bit his lip.

"Ah, it comes too late!"

"Too late?" exclaimed Clarence.

"Yes," said Heron; "too late! Do you know that I am a poor man, that Iris is one of the richest women in England? What will she—the world——"

"She!" exclaimed Clarence. "Do you think so little of her? Oh, man, you love her, I know, how could you so misjudge her?"

"Forgive me! The thought was an unworthy one!" said Heron, penitently. "But there is another bar. You know the stain that lies upon her name. Knowing her as you do, do you think she would listen to me—or to you—or to any man who asked her to marry him?"

Clarence stared.

"I did not think of that!" he said very gravely.

Heron took his arm, and they walked on a little.

"No," he said, "it is of no use. The shadow that hangs over her name will bank both you and me, all of us who may strive to make her happy. It will prevent her taking back the Revels, it will prevent her giving herself to me who love her as—as dearly as you can do, Montacute! I can't tell you how keenly and deeply my heart responds to your noble generosity, with what gratitude I would take her at your hands, but—but I know her! I know her, I say, and I know that while this cloud still casts its baleful shadow over her life, she will remain—Mabel Howard."

There was silence for a moment, then Heron resumed.

"I can't tell you how I thank you, or what I think of your conduct, Montacute. In some future time when both our hearts have healed, or at least, have grown less sore, we may meet as true and fast friends. Until then, until Time has done its work, we are best apart. I am going to Africa, I know something of it, there is some big game there, and some rough work to help a man to forget. You go back to London, and—watch over her. Would to Heaven I could do it, but—but I am weak as water when I am near her, and I should make her as unhappy as I am myself. Go back, dear friend," and he pressed Clarence's hand, "go back and keep guard over her. She needs someone, poor girl! Heaven knows when the tangle will come straight, or if ever it will. Anyway you and I understand each other, we have looked into each other's hearts, and can never misunderstand or doubt again."

If there were no tears in the sad eyes, they trembled in the manly voice, and Clarence, as he held the hand extended to him, found it impossible to speak.

They stood for a moment; in another they would have parted, and the tangle might still have remained twisted and askew, perhaps while life lasted—who knows?—but suddenly, without a moment's warning, a voice exclaimed:

"Lord Montacute!" and turning, they both saw Felice standing close beside them.

Back upon Clarence's memory flashed that dreadful scene in the library at the Revels, when the story of Iris's birth was broken to her, and for a moment he stood staring at her as if she were a ghost risen from the tomb of the past.

She was very little altered; but in the dark eyes and in the face that used to be so impassive and sphinx-like, there shone a light which struck Clarence, even in that moment of surprise.

"Felice!" he exclaimed at last.

"Yes, it is I, my lord," she said, in her broken English, "and this is Lord Coverdale? I have heard of him. Is it not?"

"Yes," said Clarence, and he added—"A friend of Iris's also, Felice. How strange that you should come up at this moment! Her name was on our lips!"

"Soh!" she said, nodding twice. "I have just come from Italy; have been here three—four hours at most—I was on my way to England to her!"

"To her?—to Iris?"

She nodded, and her dark eyes brightened with a flash.

"I have news for her!"

"News?" repeated Clarence dully.

"Yes. I will tell you, my lord—" she looked quickly round, "Is there some place——"

Clarence drew her arm within his.

"Come with me," he said, and he led her to the restaurant.

Mr. Barrington looked from his quiet corner, and started at sight of Felice.

"Felice!" he said.

"Yes, it is, Mr. Barrington," she said. "I am on my way to England with news for you. But I need not go now; I can give it to you and return to my own people, who have made a home for me."

"News! What news?" he inquired.

She drew a doubled square of brown holland from her pocket, and, ripping it open with a table knife, placed a paper on the table.

"What is this?" said Mr. Barrington, eyeing it.

Her eyes gleamed.

"The marriage certificate of Godfrey Knighton and Fiorilla Corsini—Iris's father and mother."

Lord Heron uttered a cry, and bent forward to seize the paper, but she kept her brown hand tightly upon it.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Barrington.

"It is true! I give it to you! See, they were married secretly, weeks before she left the theatre, across the Austrian frontier.

"Great Heavens! We only searched the Italian states!" groaned Mr. Barrington. "But—but why did Godfrey Knighton behave as if there was no marriage?"

"Because he feared that this was not legal," said Felice, "not right—what you call it?—not valid! That is the word. And he was too proud to stir in the matter, too haughty! He suffered in silence under the doubt, whereas he might have set all doubt at rest, for it is legal, is it not?"

"Legal!" said Mr. Barrington, almost shouting for the first time in his life. "Of course it is! And my dear, sweet girl is Iris Knighton in very truth and fact! Give me the paper! Lord Heron, for Heaven's sake, find out the next train!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE following day, as Iris and Paul were practicing the principal song in the new opera—Paul's opera—there came a knock at the door and Mrs. Baker announced Lord Coverdale.

It was early, scarcely eleven o'clock, and Iris stood bewildered and almost incredulous. She had thought him on his way to Africa.

"Well, miss?" said Mrs. Barker, glancing enquiringly at the lovely face which had become suffused by a bright vivid blush.

Iris nodded, and Mrs. Barker went downstairs again, to re-ascend with Lord Heron in her wake.

As he entered the room, the moment she saw his face, Iris felt that something had happened.

"Iris!" he exclaimed, and he caught her hand in both his. Then for a moment they stood silently regarding each other, quite forgetful of Paul, who stood at a little distance.

"Iris, I have brought you good news," he said at last.

"Yes," she said timidly, and drawing her hand from his.

"Iris, I have just come from Paris!" he went on, scarcely knowing how to break the glad tidings to her.

"From Paris?" she said quietly.

"Yes! and whom do you think I saw there? You will never guess." He did not wait for her to try, but added in a lower voice "Felice."

"Felice!" she murmured, and she started back. How often had she thought of her! how often had she longed to hear of her—of the mysterious woman who had disappeared so suddenly and had so long defied all search for her.

"Felice!"

"Yes! And it is she who brought us the news. Can you guess who it is? It is so important that it has sent me here to you without the delay of an hour. It is more important now than the discovery of the will."

"I cannot tell," she said, but her breath came quickly. Paul stole out of the room, and as he did so, Heron took her hand and led her to the sofa.

"Where is she now?" asked Iris, almost fearfully.

"Gone back to Italy, where she has been all these months. Can you not conjecture what her purpose was there?"

"No," she said faintly.

"Iris," he said, feeling that no amount of preparation would lessen the shock to her—"Iris, she has found your father and mother's marriage certificate!"

She looked at him with a dull vague expression.

"My father and mother——" then her face grew pale.

"Yes," he said. "The certificate! They were married on the Austrian frontier, married secretly, and——" he stopped.

"And I am—tell me—quick!" she replied.

"You are Iris Knighton!" he said quietly and emphatically.

She uttered no cry, but sank back white to the lips, and with her eyes closed like one killed by a too sudden joy.

The cloud that had cast its dark shadow over her young life was lifted, gone, vanished for ever!

Once more she could look the world in the face, once more hear her name without feeling as if a knife had stabbed at her heart, and without the blood of shame mounting to her face!

Little wonder that at that moment of the relaxation of the strain, the brave spirit, which had stood her at such good stead through all these months of trial and tribulation, should sink and fail her!

Heron caught her in his arms and held her to him.

"Iris! My darling—my darling!" he murmured, almost terrified by the suddenness of the swoon, though he had expected it. "Look up, dearest! Iris, be brave!"

Then he reached for the bell, but even as he did so, her eyes opened and a faint sigh rose from her lips.

She looked up, and as she saw that she was in his arms, and caught his eager, passion-lit face bent closely over hers, the color stole back into her face, the warm light to her eyes.

"Is it true, or have I been dreaming, Heron?" she murmured.

She had spoken his name unconsciously, and was not aware of it until she saw the passionate light gleam in his eyes.

"Iris, my darling, my love!" he murmured, pressing her to him, "it is true! It is as true as that I love you—I love you! Oh, Iris, has the hour come at last—the hour when we shall see ourselves heart, to heart with no trouble, no barrier between us! Iris, speak to me! I love you! Tell me now—yes, now!—that I may go on loving you,—that—that you love me a little in return!"

She lay still for a moment, her eyes half-closed, her heart echoing his words; then she turned her glorious eyes to him and murmured—

"Yes,—I love you, Heron!"

* * * * * *

They had been parted so long, their reunion had been brought about so miraculously, there had been such a narrow escape of the proverbial slip between the cup and the lip, that it was not to be wondered at if Heron insisted upon an early marriage.

So it came to pass that before the summer had closed, Lord Heron Coverdale and Iris Knighton—how sweet the name sounded in her ears now that she knew it to be here by every legal right!—were made one.

It was not a grand wedding. It would have been a private one if he and she could have had their way, but the world had some title to an opinion, seeing that he was going to rob it of one of the great popular favorites, and the world—the fashionable and professional world—crammed and crowded into the little church in the Savoy to see the last of Mabel Howard, who had, with some other actresses, taught us that it was quite possible to be an actress and a lady, and who had won, during her short presence on the stage, their respect as well as admiration.

It was a quiet wedding, but was superb, magnificent in one respect, for there was a grand choral service, and at the organ sat Paul Foster, playing as if his soul were in every note.

Lord Clarence Montacute was the best man, and Mr. Barrington gave the bride away. They started on a wedding tour that was not to be a long one, for Heron was anxious to get back to the vast property which had become once more his wife's.

It was so romantic a match that the world seemed inclined to make it quite a ten days' wonder and marvel, and everyone was delighted but poor Mr. Stapleson.

"I knew something 'ud happen!" he said mournfully, as he watched the carriage roll away towards the station with the happy pair. "It was too good a thing to last! The stage has lost its brightest ornament, sir, and the Lyric its greatest triumph!"

They were away a month,—a short month of such bliss as is given to few mortals in this world of transient joys,—and one autumn evening saw them standing on the terrace at the Revels, looking out at the sunset.

Iris was leaning against the balcony, and Heron smoking a cigarette, his hand caressing hers under the folds of her dinner dress.

From without the dining room two voices were heard, Mr. Barrington and Lord Clarence's, and presently another sound came out upon the pleasant evening air.

It was the sound of Paul's violin. For there had come a sudden end to Paul's drudgery in the orchestra of the Lyric theatre.

In the south wing of the Revels, where the sun was warmest, and the birds sang brightest, was a dainty suite of apartments, with a miniature music room, and these were Paul's.

Here, with the noble lawns and grand old woods to supply him with inspiration, he had to spend the rest of his days in pursuit of his darling art—that art which adds joy to the good, and gives consolation to the sorrowful—Music!

There, surrounded by luxury and a devoted care, he could work or play as it pleased him, happy in his art and the nearness of the being in whom his life was centred.

"There is Paul," said Iris, and she called to him.

"Poor old Paul!" said Heron. "He doesn't seem to be over sanguine about his new opera."

"And yet it is so exquisite, so beautiful!" she said with loving enthusiasm.

"Yes," said Heron. "It will make Paul famous! But there seems some difficulty about the prima donna. If the first night were only over, all would be well! If it were a success, Mr. Stapleson could afford to engage the best that could be got; but——"

Iris laid her hand on his arm, and looked up at him almost plaintively.

"If I had not married, Heron, I should have sung for him!" she whispered.

"Do you regret it, my darling?"

"No, no!" and she laughed. "But—poor Paul!"

At this moment Paul came out, and at once limped to her side, where he nestled against the white satin with that confidence which such pure and perfect love alone possesses.

"At the opera, Paul, dear?" she said.

"Yes, Mabel,"—he had not got quite used to the Iris yet—"yes," and he gave a sigh.

"What is the matter, dear?" she asked, putting back the golden hair from his forehead.

He laughed, but sadly.

"I am a discontented little pig, Mabel!" he said. "But who wouldn't be discontented with Miss Grecn, after hearing Mabel Howard? I wouldn't mind if the first night were over! She would gain confidence after that. Oh, Mabel, if——" then he stopped.

"If what?" she said.

"Speak out, Paul," said Heron very gently.

The boy colored.

"I was going to say something awfully absurd, Mabel,—I was going to say if you were only going to sing it!"

There was silence for a moment. Iris glanced at Heron.

He caught the glance, half started, seemed to consider, then nodded, and Iris bent forward and kissed him. Then she turned to Paul.

"Paul, I will play in your new opera for the first night, if you like!"

He thought she was joking, and he laughed as he turned his face up to hers, then as he saw the serious meaning in her smile he fell at her feet and, catching her hand, wept over it.

* * * * * * *

The news took the town by storm. Mabel Howard, that is the Countess of Coverdale, going to play the leading part in Paul Foster's new opera at the Lyric!

It was incredible, amazing, impossible! But all the same it was true.

No wonder the theatre was crammed, although the prices had been raised threefold!

No wonder that the royal box contained the genial prince and his beloved princess.

If the world had been inclined to censure the countess for "such a piece of eccentricity;" these two, the highest but one in the land, had only warm-hearted approval for the generous deed.

Crammed as it had never been with an audience as excited as it had shown itself on the night of Mabel Howard's farewell, the Lyric drew up its curtain on the "Flowers of the Valley," by Paul Foster, who waved the conductor's baton in front of his beloved orchestra, and Mabel Howard, the Countess of Coverdale, appeared.

Such a reception was accorded her as few even popular favorites receive; for all present knew that it was for friendship's sake she had left the princely home of which she was mistress to appear before the public once again; and when the curtain descended,—and the house was acclaiming the new opera a success, and calling for Paul Foster and "Mabel Howard," she came forward leading the timid, shrinking boy by the hand—the roar that ascended to the roof expressed only a tenth of the delight, and admiration, and affection with which the people recognized her gracious act.

It was Mabel Howard's last appearance before the footlights; but Iris Coverdale now plays a wifely and motherly part at Knighton Revels, where she is not only mistress of the old house, but the hearts of those who dwell within it and for miles around it.

And there, happy in her husband's love, and safe in haven at last, we leave her!

[THE END.]

HOW THEY VOTE IN GREECE.—"Any man in Greece can be a candidate for any office," said one just returned from there; "and when a man announces himself as a candidate, the Government must provide a ballot-box for him. If ten men announce themselves as candidates for mayor, a separate box is set up for each candidate, and every voter must vote in each of the ten boxes."

"Then each candidate would get the same number of votes, I should think."

"That is possible, but I never knew it to happen. Let me explain a little further.

"We vote with black and white balls. Each ballot-box is divided into a black and white compartment with a funnel in the middle. Every voter is given white balls and black balls, and putting his hand down in the funnel, drops them as he chooses. A white ball is for and a black ball against a man. If the citizen wishes to vote for Mr. A, and for him only, he drops a white ball into his box and black ball into the other nine (there are ten candidates), or he can vote for two of the candidates—or for the whole ten if he chooses, his vote being really of no account in that case, of course. The man who has the most white balls in his box is elected. When two representatives are to be elected, the man having the next highest number of white balls gets the second place, and so on."

THE CHINA STYLE.—The Chinese official newspapers are store-houses of quaintness. Chief among the various curious paragraphs which from time to time appear there are accounts of memorials which have been sent to the Emperor, asking him to confer rewards upon persons who have exhibited instances of unusual filial, fraternal, or amatory devotion.

Here, by way of example, is the case of one Miss Na. She is a girl nineteen years of age, and some time ago she was betrothed to a young man of the name of Te.

Te died, and Miss Na's grief knew no bounds. She entreated to be allowed to weep over Te's remains; but her father refused her request; whereupon she sought to end her sorrow by hanging herself.

Fortunately her attempt was frustrated; but it so alarmed her father that he gave way, and allowed her to do what in China is considered the most admirable and saintly thing in such circumstances—that is, to go to the house of the man's parents, to put on mourning, to worship at his tomb, and to become the slave of her dead lover's father and mother.

This is quite the orthodox course to pursue; but, for obvious reasons, it is not often followed. Miss Na followed it; and, in consequence, she is to receive an honorary dignity from the Emperor of China.

A Terrible Half-Hour.

BY E. W. P.

"NURSE!"

"Well, my dear."

Put down that horrid needle at once, and tell me a story."

"Ay, my lamb, but whatever one shall I tell 'e that would interest a young lady o' the likes of you."

"I know," I cry, "The Diamond Story, tell me that. I have never heard it properly told. Oh! I am all right, nurse, you needn't look at me so doubtfully over your spectacles. Don't be frightened, I am not going to have a relapse."

And I sink back with a grateful sigh, amidst my sea of cushions.

I have been very ill, and have now arrived at that peculiar stage of convalescence, in which the patient is best described as "tractious," thereby regarding herself in the light of a martyr if not instantly indulged in every little whim.

"My dearie! but ye've heard it a power o' times before."

"Not by you, you sweet old thing," I hasten to say, so without more preamble, she begins.

"It was just a fortnight before Christmas, now well nigh twenty years ago, and my lady (your mother, as was then Miss Selkirk) was engaged to be married to Sir Rupert Trevillian. Ay, my dear, but they were a handsome couple, and many as were the remarks that was passed upon them, as they rode and walked together; he so dark and she so fair, just as it ought to be, in my way of thinking. He was a most devoted lover, hardly a day passed but he brought his bride that was to be some lovely present, in the shape of jewelry, antique china, or rare old lace. Ah! and how pleased she was, to be sure, when she received them, not for the value of the things, but because Sir Rupert had given them to her. Well, there came a day, when a gift of more than usual magnificence was presented by him. It was a lovely diamond necklace, family ones, belonging to Sir Rupert's house, and which he had had reset in Miss Sybil's honor (your mother, my dear). How delighted she was with them, to be sure, and how she rushed off to show them to me, her confidential maid and nurse in one; for as you know, my honey, I came into your grandmamma's service when I was a girl of twenty. My lady's room, or perhaps I had better say, Miss Sybil's, was situated in the west wing, and shut off from the rest of the house by suddry doors and corridors. It was a fancy of hers to call this old room her own, tho' your grandmother had often begged of her to change it, for one in the more frequented part of the house. But not she, the room suited her, and in it she intended to remain. It was peculiar in shape, and had eight windows, what is generally called a hoctagon room" (here, kind reader, I bravely refrained from laughing). "Of course, it had a most magnificent view; you could see on all sides, north, south, east, and west, but nothing in my opinion, could make up for the look of gauntness which struck you as you entered, and which you could not easily rid yourself off. It was altogether very unlike what a young lady's room generally is. A huge roomy chimney, which never boasted a fire, added to the gloominess of the apartment, and it was by no means rare for young thrushes, and such like, to tumble from their nests into the room below. Well——ay, my dear, but I can't help shuddering when I think of it even now. That night I was as usual putting my young lady to bed. Before beginning to undress, however, she again takes out the diamond necklace from its velvet bed, and fastens it on her pretty white neck.

"'Oh, nurse,' I can hear her say even now, 'are they not lovely, look how they glitter! How dreadfully costly they must be!'

"'Ay, and you're right there,' I remember saying; 'you must let me put them in the strong room to-night, Miss Sybil; it's only right.'

"'Oh, nonsense,' she replies rather shortly for her, I thought; 'I am not going to do anything of the sort; what on earth do you think I am afraid of? I am going to put them under my pillow. I always do that to the last gift that my darling Rupert gives me; and he likes me to do it,' she adds, 'so I shall.'

"'You will be very wrong if you do, Miss Sybil,' I say with warmth. I often wondered afterwards why I was so persistent that night; as it was not the first time by many that she had had valuable gifts given to her, though, of course, this last was by far the most magnificent. As I was speaking, however, Miss Sybil threw herself into an arm-chair, and commenced to unbraid her hair for the night. She had lovely hair, my dear, just like yours, and had an immense quantity of it, too; consequently, had to make use of a great many hair-pins to keep it in its place. She was a little put out with me, I could see, at my persistence; not that she had the slightest intention of giving in, her little firm mouth showed that.

"'Right and left flew the hair-pins, here, there, and everywhere, as she proceeded with her toilet rather impatiently, I must own.

"'Never mind, nurse,' she said, after I had picked up a good many, 'don't stoop any more, it was all my horrid temper.'

"I did as she b'd me, and was in the act of raising myself, when my eyes happened to look towards the chimney; judge of my horror then at what I saw—a man's foot! the shape plainly discernible. A merciful providence gave me strength and prevented the cry that I thought must come. How the next few minutes passed, I can never rightly remember. My lady told me afterwards, however, that I was rather silent, but that she put it down to my being vexed with her. Of course, the conclusion that I came to was that, by some means or other, a man had secreted himself in the chimney, and only bided his time to murder my young lady for those dreadful diamonds, for already I loathed the sight of them. And how did I know, indeed, but that there were others to help him in his dreadful business; for the wardrobe (an old-fashioned mahogany one) was capable of sheltering half-a-dozen more if needs be! Ah, my dear, no one but the Almighty Himself knows what I suffered in those few minutes. How was I to let my young mistress know? Though ordinarily what was called a courageous girl, she would require a large amount of courage to bear the news that I should tell her with calmness. No, it was not to be thought of! I must devise some scheme to get her out of the room without exciting suspicion. I thought of all things, of stories which I had read; but, somehow, nothing seemed to come very clearly, and for a few minutes I think I must have been in danger of fainting from sheer agony of thought, as I was told afterwards; and all the time Miss Sybil sat and calmly combed her hair, her thoughts far away with Sir Rupert, I could guess from the soft little smile which from time to time played round her pretty lips. Was it my fancy or was one of the wardrobe doors ever so slightly ajar. I was perfectly convinced that I had closed them an hour or two ago! Then who could have opened them? as I was the only one who had access to my young lady's wardrobe. To gain time to think, more than for any other reason, I presently suggested to Miss Sybil whether or no I should read her a chapter out of the Bible.

"'You dear old thing,' I remember her saying, 'I think not to-night; I am so dreadfully sleepy, that I shall go off at once if you do. Let me see,' she goes on, 'this time last year I did not even know of Rupert's existence, yet still I was very happy, not so happy as I am now, though,' with a happy little laugh, 'and I am actually going to get married in a fortnight! Ah, well,' looking round carefully, 'I shall be sorry to leave this dear old room, with its eight dear old windows! what a lovely night it is,' rising, 'and how weird the moonlight looks upon the snow. Which window do you like best, nurse, or rather which view do you admire most? I know which I do,' going to her favorite one.

"An idea quickly rushes into my brain, and well-nigh intoxicates me. On some pretence or another I will make her lean out of the window, and, whilst doing so, I will unfasten the necklace and pretend as how the clasp had given way. And then came the lawful thought; supposing it was too firm a one to be undone all in a second, and supposing she caught it in time before it fell, where I intended it should fall, just beneath the window.

"'Yes, it's a beautiful night,' I answer readily; 'ah! Miss Sybil, you can't deceive your old Nancy, I know why you like this window better than any of the others; it is, because you can see the Towers from it; yes,' I go on, at the same time walking towards the one nearest the door, 'it's a grand old place in the moonlight, or the sunlight too, for that matter, and it will be a proud day for your papa, as when you are the mistress of it, I wonder, Miss Sybil, when you are Lady Trevyllian, if you will remember to look out of your window, and think of your old room, and of this night in particular.'

"'Of course, I shall,' she says, 'I really believe you are jealous, Nancy, for this dear old room. I think I shall make papa have a lamp here always burning, so that the light will reflect from its eight windows, for I'm perfectly sure no one will make use of it after I am gone.'

"'My poor child,' I thought; 'if your innocent blood is shed this night, I can readily believe that no one would ever care to sleep in this room again!'

"'How still everything is,' she says at length; 'what a regular old-fashioned Christmas this will be if the weather lasts. Snow, snow everywhere;' then, to my horror, she saunters across the room to the furthest window, the one nearest to the wardrobe! My heart beats to suffocation. Oh, if she should look towards it; but, no, she does not even glance in its direction, and I breathe more freely when she joins me at my window.

"'I don't believe it's a bit cold outside, do you?' she says, at the same time flattening her pretty nose against the window-pane.

"'Ah, but then, my dear,' I answer, 'you are such a little fire-brand; any other young lady would have a fire, but you, at this time of the year.'

"'Oh! I can't bear fires in one's bedroom,' she cries, 'and why should I, if I don't feel cold. In spite of the snow outside, I am sure it's quite mild.'

"My answer is, first to catch up a light shawl which is hanging on a chair near me, and then to open the window.

"'Now put your head out, Miss Sybil, and you will soon change your mind, I think,' at the same time, putting the shawl round her shoulders and seeming to hitch it in the clasp. It is an old-fashioned one, and had been evidently left unaltered by the jewelers; it was by no means a very safe one, and yielded to my touch in a second. Before she was even aware of her loss, it had dropt from her neck, and had fallen with a soft little thud on the snow beneath, half-hidden in the moonlight.

"'My necklace, oh, my lovely necklace,' she screams, and was out of the room, and flying down the corridors like one possessed.

"I don't think I need tell you, my dear, that I was not far behind her; only, instead of crying after the diamonds, 'Robbers in the West Wing,' is what I screamed. I believe I also managed to say, 'chimney;' but, there my senses left me, and I remember no more. When I came to myself, 'They are caught, dear Nancy,' are the first words I hear, and your grandmother, for it was she, grasps my hand, as if she could never let it go again.

"'How can we ever be sufficiently grateful to you,' she goes on; 'what would have happened if you had not been so ready-witted.'

"And that, my dear, is the story of the Diamond Necklace. Your dear mother never slept again in that room, as you may well imagine, and was married on New Year's Day. The frost continued, and we had, as we hoped we should, an old-fashioned Christmas.

"Ay! and that was one to be remembered! What with Sir Rupert's generosity and your grandfather's gifts, the village people were indeed well cared for; and I look back on that Christmas even now, as one in a hundred.

COSTLY GLUTTONY.—The lavish expenditure of the Romans on the coena, the great meal of the day, was often fabulous.

Vitellius is actually reported to have squandered 400 sestertia, about $15,140, on his daily supper, though surely this must be a monstrous exaggeration!

The celebrated feast to which he invited his brother, Lucius, cost 2000 sestertia, or $201,750.

Suetonius relates that it consisted of 2000 different dishes of fish and 7000 of fowls, and this did not exhaust the bill of fare. His daily food was luxurious and varied beyond precedent.

The deserts of Libya, the shores of Spain and the waters of the Carpathian Seas were diligently searched to furnish his table with dainties, while the savage wilds of Britain had to bear their part in replenishing his larder.

Had he reigned long Josephus says that he would have exhausted the wealth of the Roman Empire itself.

Ælius Verus, another of these worthies, was equally profuse in the extravagance of his suppers. It is said that a single entertainment, to which only a dozen guests were invited, cost 6 000,000 sesterces—6000 sestertia, that is—or nearly $240 500.

History relates that his whole life was passed eating and drinking in the voluptuous retreats of Daphne or at the luxurious banquets of Antioch.

So profuse, indeed, was the extravagance of those times that to entertain an emperor was to face almost certain ruin. One dish alone at the table of Heliogabalus is said to have cost about $20,000 of our money.

No wonder these imperial feasts were lengthened out for hours and that every article, often revolting in the extreme, was used to prolong the pleasure of eating, or that Philoxenus should have wished that he had the throat of a crane with a delicate palate all the way down.

One does not like to associate the name of Julius Cæsar with habits of low gluttony that would disgrace a prize-fighter and yet, if our memory does not play us false, even he did not disdain to take emetics to return to his banquets with a keen appetite.

FINED FOR OVERWEIGHT.—"Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame" may have been excellent advice when Mr. Pope wrote, but it would require reshaping to bring it into harmony with modern requirements. A coal dealer, who has been doing good by stealth on quite an extensive scale, now has cause to blush at finding himself fined by a police magistrate.

This philanthropic trader owns a weighing machine which gives his customers twenty-one pounds overweight on every hundred weight.

Some time ago his attention was officially drawn to the fact, and he received solid warning that if he continued his sinful benevolence he would be summoned.

A weighing machine that gives overweight is as illegal as one that does the other thing, the law demanding a perfect adjustment of balance. This coally Samaritan refused to believe, however, that his stealthy benefactions were punishable, and so persisted in adding the little bonus to every hundred-weight of black diamonds that left his shop.

A fine and costs is the result, the bench expressing the opinion that it looked a little hard to punish a man for cheating himself to benefit his customers. It does look hard, no doubt, but what a splendid advertisement!

A DESIRE to excel is a very important element in the conditions of success, and no young man can afford to ignore it. Without ambition, progress is simply impossible.

THE GIFT.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Fate brought from out its treasures
A crown of sorrow for me;
I wear it, showing naught of pain
That this cold world can see.

I wear it, hiding 'neath my pride,
All pain in bitter scorn;
And only you, my darling, know
I walk the earth forlorn.

The Blind Artist.

BY E. V. HENRY.

CHAPTER II.

SERENA went very gladly; she felt herself to be in an emotional humor, and did not feel fit to play her part that afternoon.

She had been gone about ten minutes when Mr. Earne arrived.

Earne's relapse into virtue, as the old artist called it—preferring that term to reform, which implies that its subject never has been virtuous—was by no means complete, but he looked what he was this afternoon, a fairly good-looking, fairly intelligent, and thoroughly honest man, in very indifferent health and indifferent spirits.

He looked round as though he felt the room rather empty, not that he had expected to see Serena, but he had so often seen her there when he did not expect her, that he was disappointed, but he did not say so.

Not seeing her, the next best thing was to talk about her, but he did not know how to begin, so he started the subject just then uppermost in his mind.

"How delightfully quiet you are here!" he said; "if you'd been where I was all the morning, you would appreciate it. I have just come from the House, in a wretched temper. I have been listening to stupidities."

"Is that so unusual?"

"The stupidities were unusually irritating this afternoon. Braxton was at the old story: Laws ought to be obeyed simply because they are laws. Why, it makes even a good law seem oppressive to defend it in such a way; how any man who knows history can say such a thing is simply bewildering."

"Have you never noticed," said Mr. Brail, "that as a rule no one does know any history? There is no limit to what the general public doesn't know."

"Well, I don't know much, but I know that if one had lived from the Conquest until now, and obeyed all the laws all the time, one would have done some uncommonly queer and foolish thing. I wonder what all those enthusiasts who were so delighted with Braxton's stale fallacies would have said if some one had pointed out that probably eighteen out of every twenty of them were breaking the law at that very moment. They weren't doing anything wrong, and were probably some of them respectable, but, if laws should be obeyed simply because they are laws, they were all of them criminals."

"Good gracious, how!" said Mr. Brail. He too would rather have been talking about Serena, but was waiting his chance.

"Because it is illegal to wear any buttons on your trousers but brass buttons with the button maker's name on them, and nobody wears brass buttons now. If I had only known that at the time, I believe I would have come out with it, and reduced the argument to an absurdity, but I didn't; a fellow told me as I was coming here. Shall I give you the notes on the pictures now?"

"Yes, please."

Mr. Earne began to read, and the old man listened carefully. Presently he interrupted.

"That's good! that's very true. I did not know you knew so much about it, Earne."

Earne colored, for that was one of Serena's thoughts, but he went on reading.

Mr. Brail carefully watched for such criticisms as he knew for Serena's, and remarked on all of them. At last Earne had to confess.

"The best part of all this is not mine. I met Miss Maulden at the Gallery, and we made the notes together."

"Oh!" said Mr. Brail.

"You see she knows a good deal about these things. I thought it would make the notes more interesting for you."

"Yes," said Mr. Brail.

Then there was a pause, at the end of which Mr. Brail said suddenly.

"Do you really think you are quite wise in paying Miss Maulden so much attention?"

"Why, I have not been paying her any; it is she who has been paying me attention."

That was not exactly what Mr. Earne meant, but he was taken by surprise, and the words slipped out before he had time to consider.

The moment he heard them, he was as shocked as if the remark had come from someone else.

There was a moment's very awkward silence, then Mr. Brail said:

"My dear Stanway, don't you see that you have said something exceeding shocking?"

"It sounds so, but it is the truth. I should not like to think anything else were the truth. I should be thoroughly ashamed of myself if it were not the truth; besides, I am too grateful for her friendship to risk the loss of it by—presumption. Shall I go on reading?"

He did so until, at one particular criticism of Miss Maulden's, Mr. Brail exclaimed:

"Serena again. Oh!——"

"Why not? if she likes to be my friend who can object?"

"Her—her father. He wants her to marry."

"Nonsense! Fathers who want their daughters to marry don't leave them alone in a half shut-up town house, and go wandering about the colonies."

"But Serena is going into society again now. She went to Lady Atherton's last dinner."

"She went there to meet me—she is kind enough to like to meet me, and frank enough to say so. Do you think such a woman as Serena Maulden would do so unless she were sure I should not understand her? It is unkind of you, Brail, to disturb our friendship with such suggestions."

"If I don't, someone else will."

"Absurd; she knows me better; why, she knows about Miss Macleod."

"Why, that's all past; you have quite got over that; you know you have."

Mr. Earne had never realized it before, but at that moment he knew that he had; he could talk quite easily now of the young lady who had treated him so ill.

Mr. Brail went on.

"And you see Serena, knowing this, might possibly mistake you. I do not say she does, but she was here this afternoon, and left when I said you were coming."

"She probably had another engagement," said Mr. Earne decidedly. "I tell you, if I thought she believed me capable of presuming on her goodness, I would go and tell her at once that she had no cause to fear. We are on such terms—we understand each other so well—that I could easily do that."

"I would if I were you," said Mr. Brail.

He was feeling his way. He suspected, from the other's reiteration of his own unworthiness, that he was trying to drag a hint that Serena did not think him so unworthy; but the old man was not going to give such a hint on mere suspicion.

"I would," said Mr. Earne, "if I had only a shadow of an excuse for calling. I have never been in her house before, you know."

"Take her some flowers."

"Oh what nonsense! she has plenty of flowers."

"Take her some magazines."

"Take her the 'Ledway Gazette,' with the account of the meeting of my constituents, and a full report of all the pleasant things they said about me," said Earne, with a laugh. "Read it to her, and then tell her that the man about whom all these pleasant things are said, and said more or less truly, a man whom one woman did try to love, only she gave up the effort as hopeless, is actually mad enough to want to marry her, because she has shown a little friendliness towards him. No, no, Brail; I prefer to keep her friendship. Let us finish our notes."

And he finished them. And Mr. Brail; satisfied now that things were going as he wished, found a good deal of amusement in noticing how carefully Mr. Earne left out Serena's opinions.

Presently he left and walked slowly down the street.

It was quite true Serena's manner of love-making had only had the effect of convincing Mr. Earne that she did not care for him in the least, except as a friend; but it had made him exceedingly fond of her society, and really grateful for her friendship—almost dependent on her friendship.

The idea of losing it through any misconception was really painful.

So that while Mr. Brail, according to his habit, which, blind though he was, he had never given up, was busy jotting down the incidents of the afternoon into his diary, Mr Earne was resolving that he would go and call on Serena, and he would make asking her advice about his constituents the excuse.

* * * * * *

Serena Maulden was sitting in a cool corner of the drawing-room in the big empty house—Mariana could not have been more alone.

The many lights and shadows that fell through the five long, narrow windows, seemed to relegate her to an incident in the background of the big, silent room.

Serena sat dreaming; there was a curious awakened look in her eyes, as if she had been brought face to face with herself for the first time after many years and was startled.

A colonial paper lay at her feet, in which she had read that morning of the death of her long-lost lover.

On her return she had found it just where she had left it when she went out to see Mr. Brail, and she now sat looking at the paragraph marked with a black line, as if it were written in a language she had forgotten.

She heard the door-bell ring, but paid no attention to it; no one of any interest ever came to the house, except on the rare occasions when her father and sisters were staying in it.

It rang again, louder this time, she heard the clanging of the wire downstairs, then a door opened and someone came up slowly, with the irregular shuffling steps of a person awakened from an afternoon nap, and Serena felt a little dreamy sympathy with whoever had been roused to open the door, and was dropping back into her own thoughts when Mr. Earne was announced.

She was too astonished to show any astonishment, and received him so quietly that it occurred to Earne he might easily have called without any excuse.

However, since he had the excuse with him, he might just as well make use of it, so presently he gave her the paper, saying:

"My friends in Ledway have been discussing me, and I should like you to read what they say."

She looked a little surprised then, but took the paper, and began at the top of the column he pointed out.

After the first sentence or two she half dropped the paper, asking very indignantly:

"Why should you wish me to read this?"

"Well, not because it is very pleasant reading for either of us."

"Why then?"

"I don't quite know, perhaps because I value your friendship so much that I won't have it on false pretences, and I want your advice."

She read to the end; all Mr. Bolt, the undertaker, and Mr. Gregg, the cheese-merchant, had to say—and they had a great deal too, and most of it was very cutting.

Now, Serena was no politician, and had a comfortable feminine idea that when vulgar, uneducated men made disagreeable remarks about a cultured gentleman, whom she herself knew and liked, of course the vulgar, uneducated men were wrong and ought to be ashamed of themselves; so, when she had finished reading the report of the meeting, she flung down the paper, and exclaimed indignantly.

"But you can want no advice about that. It would be beneath you to notice such people as these—you will treat them with the contempt they deserve."

"Well, yes," he said slowly, "that would be the best way, if the deserved any contempt to be treated with, but you see they don't and I'm afraid I do."

"But this is not true, or at least not all of it."

"They make things look a little darker than they look to me or to you, but still they have the facts. They say I am insolently indifferent to their interests, that I am idle, and—well, not a member of the Blue Ribbon Army. All this was true enough."

"But they say worse."

"Yes, they say I have broken promises, so I have. Yes," as she exclaimed, "that is what it amounts to; if I had not given them to understand that I should do their work for them as it ought to be done, I should not have been elected. I am all the hard names they call me there."

"Then if that is so, if these plain-spoken critics of yours are in the right, of course the only thing to do is to write and say they shall not have cause to speak so again."

"Ah, but the trouble is they very probably will have cause to say just the same things again. My own idea is to give the whole thing up, that is what it must come to, with or without my consent, sooner or later. Did you know all this?" with a motion towards the paper, "when you first let me have a little of your friendship?"

"I knew something of it, but it did not seem so bad to me."

"No, it didn't seem so bad to me either at the time, or, if it did, I did not care much. Well, now you see clearer, had you not better throw me over?"

"No."

"Why not? I am no credit to my friends."

"Because I want you to be brave and manly, not childish and weak; because—Mr. Earne, did you ever hear what happened to me eight years ago?"

"Yes," he said gently, "I think most people knew that. You don't mind, do you? There was nothing that was not to your credit."

"I can speak of it now because it is quite past, but that is what made me understand the trouble that made you careless and weak, for I felt it too once."

He laughed, he did not quite know why, but his laugh did not sound in the least out of place as he answered:

"You did not take to drinking and gambling, however."

"No," she said very quietly. "I wonder what would be thought of a woman who did."

"You make me feel very acutely what what should be thought of a man who did."

"Then don't say more; you have not any excuse now. I can't believe you care any more for Miss Macleod; you have only got into the habit of thinking that you do care. Is a woman who breaks her word lamenting? Are you not yourself justifying her behavior and making all her friends say she was right not to trust herself to you? Take up your conscience again, have a reconciliation with your Ledway friends, and, if you cannot enjoy what is left of life, at least try to make a good use of it."

"Miss Maulden, it is impossible for me not to see that you care what becomes of me."

"Oh, yes; I care greatly."

"Then listen. I am going to do as you say in any case, but you could make it so much easier for me. I have found your friendship wonderfully pleasant. I have never mistaken it, or presumed on it, but I have been profoundly grateful. If you will give me more, I shall value it more. You and I have both failed in love. Let us try what we can do in friendship. Let us marry each other, and see how the thing turns out. If you do this, it is just possible life may be pleasant to me again, and on my honor I will try to make it pleasant to you. Believe me I will."

"Yes," she said softly, "I believe you will."

If she was acting, circumstances were assisting her acting wonderfully; the news she had read that morning had roused and awakened feelings she did not quite understand, then Mr. Earne's innocent entrance into the net she had been spreading for him touched her with keen self-reproach.

Was there not, after all, something of treachery in the plot she and her old friend had laid against this unsuspecting man?

She could not look in his face, the color mounted to her own, her breath came quickly, for a moment she was as literally unable to speak as a girl of eighteen who hears her first offer.

"Well," he said gently, "you believe I will? What else? Serena, shall I have a chance?"

"Should he have a chance?"—by accident he had used just the right words. "Should he have a chance?"

Why, was not that all her motive, to give him another chance to succeed in life, and in love, since his first endeavor had been such a failure?

Could anything have been more noble or unselfish than her act as Mr. Brail had set it before her?

She had tried to save this man, and she had succeeded; why should she not be glad and not ashamed? She looked up to answer him, but found he was answered already.

"You would not have kept me waiting so long if the answer had been no," he said, with quiet satisfaction in his voice. "Thank you so much, my dear."

CHAPTER III.

SERENA MAULDEN and Stanway Earne were married, and the marriage had been a success, so far, at any rate.

When they returned to London in the following spring, there was probably not a more contented couple in all the town and all the suburbs.

Serena was completely satisfied with the success of her wooing, and Stanway Earne was on the best possible terms with his wife, himself, and his constituents.

It is true the latter had given him some trouble before he succeeded in appeasing their very just indignation, and he found this the more difficult as he was entirely in the wrong and had no explanation to offer.

When he went down to Ledway he made no excuses, but he did promise amendment, and he took Serena with him, and somehow was forgiven.

His past misdemeanors seemed more venial to his constituents when considered together with his pleasant manner when among them.

It was shocking indeed that a deputation of influential electors should go by appointment to wait on their representative, and find out that he had forgotten all about them and had disappeared no one knew where, and then to discover that he had been one of the highly reprehensible lot who had gone to France to witness the great prize-fight, and had all but got into the hands of the Continental police thereby; but the thing did not sound nearly so bad when he gave a select few of the Ledwayites a graphic description of the fight and flight, and assured them that though, of course, he should not be likely to do such a thing again, it was rather good fun, you know.

Perhaps Serena influenced the Ledwayites a little; she was so sweet and so happy.

Average mankind is not so bad after all, for it is always grateful for the sight of happiness.

I remember once being struck by a sudden transformation effected in the expression of two men—hard-up, unemployed workmen—who were standing at the gate of a fine house in the country.

They had just been refused help at the door, and were plainly cursing the house and all its inmates.

All their worst feelings were uppermost, as they stood there in the deep snow, and they looked about as complete a pair of savage, vindictive brutes as ever nineteenth century civilization could produce.

Presently two girls came racing down the drive, snowballing each other, and one—the taller—fell, shaking out a shower of gold hair all round her.

They both were rosy and happy, and positively screaming with healthy laughter, and as those two savages looked at the fun they began to laugh too, the vindictive glare faded from their eyes—they were human and simply by looking at other people's happiness.

So it came to pass that the Ledwayites forgave their neglectful, insolent representative, chiefly because he spent his honeymoon among them.

Perhaps some hint of love troubles did reach Mr. Bolt, the undertaker, and Mr. Gregg, the cheesemerchant, and induce them to pass lightly over their member's misdeeds, for the Greggs and Bolts of this life worship sentiment.

They would be indignant if accused of it; it would be idle to appeal to them in the name of it, because they like to be thought

practical men, with no nonsense about them; but the nonsense, if it is nonsense, is there all the same.

And if you appeal to the common sense and let the sentiment do its own appealing, the result is pretty safe.

Mr. Earne had no idea that anyone in Ledway knew anything of his private affairs.

And, indeed, very little was known of them, only that there was some sort of an unhappy love affair.

It was plain this pretty, gracious Mrs. Earne could not have caused it, so she must have shared it.

"Cruel parents, and all that," and, well, lots of steady fellows had been a little wild when their love affairs went all wrong.

After all, reports always got more or less exaggerated as they traveled into the county.

It was scarcely worth while asking their member to resign when there would be a general election in a couple of years.

By that time they could tell better whether he had really gone to the bad, or only had a temporary attack of dissipation.

Mr. and Mrs. Earne had reached their town house late the night before, and were breakfasting together very late this morning.

Stanway Earne would scarcely have been recognized now as the red-eyed, unkempt morning caller of a short year ago.

He was sunburnt and healthy, and he had the placid, well-cared-for look never seen except in a man married entirely to his content; and in truth a man would have been ill to please who had not been contented with Serena.

She was one of those women who always look fresh in the mornings.

She looked particularly fresh and bright this morning, Stanway thought as he closely watched her over the edge of his paper.

Serena looked up.

"The Sykells want us to go there tonight, before the rush begins. Shall we go?"

"Oh, certainly. We may not have another free evening for so long."

He meant he should not, for he had come to town with most virtuous resolutions as to regular attendance at the House; but it didn't occur to him to separate himself even mentally from Serena.

"Let us go, by all means," he went on. "Send them a telegram to say they may expect us. Have you anything else interesting?" he added, rising, "because I must go now."

"Oh, don't hurry, Stan; remember, it is your last day of leisure."

"I wish it were," he said mournfully; "but yesterday was my last day of leisure, unfortunately. I've got to go and see Tinto. You don't call that leisure, do you?"

"Poor Stan!" said Serena. "See what it is to be a politician. I would sooner spend an hour with the dentist than with Mr. Tinto. I might endure his vulgarity, but not his self-conceit."

"It is his grammar bewilders me," said Stanway. "I almost go into hysterics wondering what on earth will come next. However, he has his uses, like wasps, and onions, and other trying necessities. What are you going to do this morning?"

"I am going to see Mr. Brail."

"Oh, of course. Dear old Brail!"

Then they both looked at each other, and colored from different causes.

They had neither of them seen Mr. Brail since their marriage, and Mr. Earne thought "But for him I should never have married Serena;" and Serena thought "I am going to meet my fellow plotter, and I am ashamed to meet him."

Then, seeing her husband looking at her expectantly, she echoed:

"Dear Mr. Brail!"

He looked gratified.

"I am glad you say that, my dear. You know what I meant; it is a year to-day since I first saw you in his studio, and but for seeing you there—well, I won't go into that: as it is, I have great reason to be grateful to Brail, and if you are satisfied—why it's all right, isn't it?"

This was rather a lame conclusion for a man somewhat celebrated as an orator; but then people rarely are eloquent in private life.

He was standing behind his wife's chair, leaning over her as he spoke, but he could not see her face—he went on meditatively.

"I think, for a mere marriage of friendship, ours is turning out pretty well, dear. I think on the whole we are quite tolerably."

"Yes," said Serena.

He looked disappointed, but she did not see that.

"It is exactly one year since we met that morning at Brail's, Serena. I don't think we either of us regret it."

"No," said Serena.

"I don't know, of course, if I am always all you would wish, Serena, but, if not, you have only to speak."

"I am satisfied."

"You do not say if I am satisfied.

"Oh, I hope you are."

"Suppose I said I was not."

"Oh!"

Serena looked up astonished and frightened. What could he mean? Had he discovered anything? Was he going to tax her with insincerity?

He had certainly no such intention, and utterly mistook her startled expression.

"Never mind, Serena. I am not going to say anything of the sort. I am not going to ask you for anything more than you choose to give. Go and see Mr. Brail, dear, and tell him that we are rather happier than the average of married people, on the whole."

"Come with me," said Serena, for she shrank from seeing Mr. Brail alone, and answering his questions as to the success of her experiment.

"I wish I could; but I shan't get away from Tinto until too late. I will join you if I can, but don't wait for me after five."

He collected his letters from the table and then lounged slowly towards his wife again.

"Well, I must go," but he lingered.

"Good-bye, dear."

It was rather laughable. Here was this middle-aged reformed politician, who had outlived a desperate case of blighted affections and made a marriage of friendship, standing like an awkward young lover in a comedy, beseeching for a word of affection, and his wife too blind to give it to him.

And yet if only she had been less troubled at the memory of the part she had played, and the prospect of meeting Mr. Brail, who had induced her to play it, she must have seen what he wanted, for it was plain enough.

After a moment he left in earnest; and she went to put on her bonnet to go to see Mr. Brail.

"If only Mr. Brail did not know," she murmured. "It would not seem so bad if no one knew it but me. And yet I think if Stanway talks to me again, as if it all came by accident, I shall not be able to bear it. How horribly ashamed I feel! and yet it seemed a noble, unselfish action at first, when I began to try to win him for his own sake."

Then she remembered the first day on which she felt ashamed was the day when she found, by hearing of the death of her old lover, that the old love was dead, too, and that a new love had begun—that the work she had begun for her friend's sake she must complete for her own.

That was why she shrank from meeting her old friend; not because he knew why her work had been undertaken, but because she feared he would know how it had ended for her.

"I can hide it from my husband," she thought; "but I shall not be able to hide it from him. He will know how it is with me from the sound of my voice; he will understand it from what I don't say."

Poor Serena entered Mr. Brail's room trembling.

She feared he would ask her point-blank:

"Serena, how has it turned out?" and she would have to say, "It has turned out thus. I tried to win Stanway Earne's love from philanthropy, and only gained his friendship; and he only asked me for friendship, and I have given him a great deal more."

Her old friend's greeting, however, was utterly different from anything she had expected.

As she approached him, he stretched out both his hands eagerly for hers; and when he had found them, he instinctively turned his sightless eyes towards her, and said earnestly:

"God bless you, Serena!"

"Why? You don't know," she quickly began.

"I know that you have done a good deed, a noble deed; and you have done it well. You have worked for good in the world; the world is better because of you."

"I am glad," she faltered.

"You have cause. I should have blessed you had the man been a stranger, but he is my dearest friend and you have saved him."

"How do you know?" she asked.

"How do I know? Why, from what the papers say of him; from what I hear from people who know him. I know it as well as I know that you love him."

"How do you know that?"

He laughed.

"From your voice, my dear, even if I had not been holding your hand, and had not felt how your heart leaps when I speak of him. You have your reward, Serena. He is a man well worth saving, is he not?"

"Oh yes, indeed."

"Serena," went on the old man, "when first I spoke of this, I thought only of him—I believe I was fonder of him than of you—but when I saw how bravely and unselfishly you threw all prejudice and fear and—and—femininity aside, and thought only of the good you could do, I began to think of you, and of consequences. And after it was done, and you were married, I was frightened, and saw terrible pictures."

"What did you see?"

"Never mind; they are past now. And now all the pictures I see are very pleasant."

"Show them to me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOISE AND NERVES.—The most sensitive, delicate and easily injured parts of the human system are the nerves. These never can become so accustomed to incessant strain as to escape injury.

That which is unpleasant to the senses is always—and, so far as the sense of hearing is concerned, discordant noises always are—injurious to the nerves. The yelling of steam whistles, the hiss of steam pipes, the rattle and clash of wheels on stone-covered streets, the rumble of street cars, the clangor of bells, the bowling of hucksters, keep up a condition in which a healthy nervous system of natural strength and sensitiveness is impossible. And there is not one of those agencies that is not suppressed more or less completely in most of the great cities of the world.

In Berlin heavy wagons are not allowed on certain streets. In Paris any carload of rattling material must be fastened until it can not rattle. Munich allows no bells on street cars.

In Philadelphia, church bells have been held a nuisance in certain neighborhoods by judicial ruling. Steam whistles are forbidden in nearly all the larger cities of this country, and most of these noises in our advanced stage of civilization are utterly unnecessary.

Clocks and watches are now so cheap and plentiful that steam whistles and bells to denote the time are useless. Why should not all useless noises, and nearly all are useless, be suppressed?

A BANK CLERK'S NOTEBOOK.

The business of banking is generally regarded—and quite rightly—as a very serious one.

The most enthusiastic member of the profession will hardly assert that it offers much scope for the display of wit and humor.

Yet here too "the eye sees what it looks for;" and even a bank clerk bent on discovering an amusing incident to enliven the monotony of business hours, will occasionally find one.

Who, for example, could help feeling grateful to the unconscious humorist who writes:

DEAR BANK.—Pleas find enclosed 25 dollars, the amt of My note to——— The note is Due Nov. 3, but I send the money to days a head, as I am awfully afrade of Banks.—Pleas send the Note to yours truly, J——S——.

The writer of the above frankly confesses his mistrust of the profession. But many correspondents display a gratifying confidence in the bank's good will and energy.

Among these is the country farmer who wishes to dispose of twelve pounds of salt cod-fish, and who writes to request the biggest bank in the city to conduct the transaction for him.

Another equally confiding countryman desires to invest in fifty dollars of maple sugar through the same medium.

Among the doubters is the old lady who presented herself the other day at the Savings-bank department with a demand for the one hundred dollars she had recently deposited.

She received the money, and forthwith retired to a seat for the purpose, it was supposed, of depositing the notes in her boot, according to the graceful custom of many country customers.

But after subjecting the notes to a close and rather suspicious scrutiny, she got off her stool and handed them again to the teller.

"I don't want 'em," she explained. "I've got no place to keep 'em in at home. Why, if I was to have 'em in the house, Jim—that's my boy in the lumber-trade—he'd have 'em away from me right off, bless him! I only wanted to be sure I could get them any time I liked."

And she departed, fully satisfied with the success of the experiment.

Many of the Savings bank depositors cannot sign their names; in which case they make their mark, and a note of their personal appearance is entered in the ledger.

Mistakes sometimes occur here, as, for example, when a young man found himself described, much to his disgust, as having "prominent hair and very black teeth."

Another was entered as "a small boy;" and the description was transferred from ledger to ledger by successive clerks, until, at the age of thirty, the depositor appeared to claim his accumulated savings, and found difficulty in getting the money because he "did not answer to the description."

"Mary Ambrose" is evidently aware of the necessity for clearly proving her identity, for when she writes to withdraw her savings, she is careful to sign herself, "Mary Ambrose, wife of James Ambrose, plumber and painter, Erie City, Penn., and sister of William Wyer, blacksmith, Staffordshire, England."

BOUND TO GET IT.—"What a lot of funny things you can see through other people's windows," said a young man who lives in the center of the city. "My room is on the third floor and in the rear of the house. I have lots of fun with two fellows who occupy that room opposite me. They never pull down a blind, so I suppose they're a show for everybody in this row—that is, everybody who has a back room. What do you think I saw one of 'em do one Sunday morning? He was dressing and got his white shirt on, when by a slip he lost his collar button down his back. He reached after it with first one hand and then the other, and contorted himself wonderfully in his efforts to dig it up, but couldn't reach it. Then he just deliberately got down and stood on his head on the floor and shook himself and the collar button dropped out, because I saw him pick it up afterward. How's that for a scheme?"

THE smaller the drink, the clearer the head and the cooler the blood; which are great benefits in temper and business.

Scientific and Useful.

OIL.—The Italian Admiralty, as the result of numerous experiments, have given orders that henceforth all exposed parts of machinery are to be lubricated exclusively with castor oil, while mineral oils are to be used for cylinder and similar lubrication.

SAFETY GONE.—A Chicago man has invented a spring gong, to be attached to an umbrella or cane, so arranged that if any unauthorized person picks up the article so guarded the bell rings with a whirr that is certain to attract the attention of every one within a block.

HAND-GRENADES.—A cheap and sufficient substitute for the hand-grenades sold for putting out fire can be made says an exchange by filling ordinary quart bottles with a saturated solution of common salt. The salt forms a coating on everything the water touches, and makes it nearly incombustible.

AXLE BOXES.—Prussian railways are experimenting with axle boxes fitted with bearings of vegetable parchment in place of brass. The parchment is strongly compressed before being used, and is thoroughly dried to prevent subsequent shrinkage. An emulsion of water and oil, any of the mineral oils, is used as lubricant. The parchment soon becomes impregnated with oil, and is able to go a long time without a renewal of lubrication. Superiority to metal is claimed for it.

PULLING TEETH BY ELECTRICITY.—The patient in the chair is given a handle to hold in each hand, and the current is turned on gradually until it becomes painful. Then he is told to grasp the handle as strong as possible, the electricity—having been switched off for a moment—is turned on again suddenly, and the dental surgeon applies his forceps simultaneously to the tooth. The instant the molar is touched, it, as well as the parts surrounding, becomes electrified, and absolutely insensible to pain. When it is withdrawn from the socket the subject of the operation feels not the slightest disagreeable sensation. A jerk, and the tooth is out, the patient drops the electric handles, and the painless affair is over.

Farm and Garden.

BUTTER.—If butter is kept covered tight when put in the ice-chest it will not absorb the odor of any food lying near. There is nothing so sensitive as butter, and yet you may see it at any time placed near to meat or vegetables.

TOOLS.—Keep your tools sharp, now that the work is pressing. A man with sharp tools can do more work in a day than can two men with dull tools. It may take a little time to sharpen the tools, but it will be labor saved.

THE GARDEN.—Hardy shrubs and flowers should be selected with the view of having a supply of flowers from spring until fall. As some flowers bloom early and others late, selections of varieties best suited to the soil and for each month will assist in ornamenting the yard until frost appears.

CROWS.—The crow is not always in mischief. A correspondent writes that he had a piece of grass so beset with white grubs as to nearly destroy it. It was amusing to see 15 or 20 crows gather there early every morning, dig out the grubs and eat them. There was no outward sign to guide them, and the birds must have been led to their prey by hearing.

THE HORSE.—When a horse comes in from a journey, the first thing is to walk him around until he is cool. The next thing is to rub him dry. This removes dirt, dust and sweat, and allows time to recover, and the appetite to return. Also have his legs well rubbed by the hand; nothing so soon removes a strain. Let your horse stand loose, if possible, without being tied up in the manger. Pain and weariness from a confined position induce bad habits.

VINES.—It has been observed that vines trained against walls and given partial shelter are not so readily attacked as are those exposed, and instances are known in which vines in green-houses have entirely escaped. In those sections where the smoke of bituminous coal deposits soot or dust the vines have escaped the disease to a certain extent. As preventives many growers remove the leaves as fast as they show signs of attack, and also cover the vines with muslin, as a protection against heavy dews and rains.

T. GRAINGER STEWART, M. D. F. R. S. E. Ordinary Physician to H. M., the Queen in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, writes: "The arteries are sclerosed and atheromatous in the advanced stages of the inflammatory and in the cirrhotic but not so small in the waxy disease. In that affection the small vessels in other parts are frequently the seat of waxy degeneration." From this it will be seen that in the three forms of kidney disease classed as Bright's disease, the arteries suffer changes, and it matters not whether they undergo sclerotic, atheromatous or waxy change, they are so weakened as to endanger rupture under any increased pressure. This explains the frequency of apoplexy and paralysis, and as clearly demonstrated that the only preventive of these disastrous ruptures of the blood vessels is the timely use of Warner's Safe Cure to keep the kidneys in a healthy condition.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

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What is Truth.

It may appear strange that such a question should remain to be asked; yet probably has no one word in the English, or its representative in other languages, been more misused and abused.

One of the definitions given by lexicographers of truth is, conformity of words to thoughts.

If this were admitted as the real definition of truth, it would save all metaphysical discussion as to the appropriate meaning of the word. Then again we are told that truth is conformity to reality, and reality exacts concordance to that which was, is, or must be—a true state of facts or things.

This is a more philosophical definition; for we cannot be far wrong, so long as we limit ourselves to an exact statement of what was, is, or must be. The only drawback to its completeness is that people do not agree, not only upon what was, but also still more so upon what is, and more than all as to what must be.

In History, truth is a correct relation of events. In the Fine Arts, a faithful adherence in representations to the models of nature, or the prototypes on which the principles of art are founded. To say that truth is veracity is a mere play upon words. It is also used for fidelity, constancy, honesty and virtue.

When we are told that truth is correctness of opinion, we seem to get nearer to its meaning; but, unfortunately, opinions differ. There are no two persons who hold precisely the same opinion, and as it is often difficult to decide as to which is the more correct, we are in reality as far from finding out the truth as we were before.

The word truth is, in fact, used in so many senses, and in such a variety of acceptations, that it seems incapable of being defined; or, like a will o'-the-wisp, to elude us all the more when we think we hold it in our grasp.

A person avers a thing to be true, another denies it. Both cannot be right. All things are true till they are proved to be erroneous or false; and the number of established or accepted truths will be found, on careful inspection, to come more within the province of science than of metaphysics, philosophy, or even religion.

Although the first to declare that the earth moves round the sun was incarcerated for his heterodoxy, the fact is now admitted as an accepted truth. What was heterodoxy at one time may now be orthodoxy, and one person's orthodoxy is some other person's heterodoxy.

No one will deny that the sun shines. That is a scientific fact attested by the senses of all, and therefore not open to diversity of opinion. But say that a thing is beautiful or admirable, you will have as many different opinions as if you were to proclaim any particular man to be clever, or any particular woman to be fair.

Matters that are open to capacity or soundness of judgment, or to perfection and cultivation of tastes, are not admitted as truths; they are open to too many differences of opinion.

The senses determine nothing. Some people love music, others detest it. Some people delight in a fragrance that is repulsive to others. Some people are delighted with natural objects that have no charm in the eyes of others. What is pleasant to the feeling of some is disagreeable to that of others.

There is no truth in the senses beyond the fact that the thing is. The aspect in which the same thing is looked upon varies with the intelligence, the cultivation and the susceptibility of the senses.

Truth is in the Spirit of God, and in all that He has created. It exists also in the Spirit that moves within us, but not in the manifestations of it as vouchsafed to mortal man.

It exists in the Natural Laws, as also in the moral and intellectual constitution of man; but it is ever debased, corrupted or falsified by the frailty and perversity of human nature.

People are always crying out for truth, proclaiming truth, quarreling or fighting for truth, yet they have no common or distinct idea or knowledge of what truth is.

In Scripture our Lord is called "The Truth." In the Koran Muhammed and the Angel Gabriel are adduced as the only exponents of God's truth. There was a time when martyrdom was suffered to attest the strength of conviction in the truth of the one, and the sword was the argument used to enforce conviction in the truth of the other. Yet both admitted, and admit, the existence of God above all, and will yet only see the truth through the medium of their own convictions.

Hence it is that proverbial philosophy says so truly "Truth lies in a well." It is a thing unknown to and invisible to the mass of mankind. Nor will truth ever be found until all people are united in one common opinion that it is only to be sought for and only exists in the Spirit of God, as pervading nature and inspiring mankind.

THE world has its laws and customs, its usages and ordinances, and woe to the man who sets himself in opposition to these. The world has its idols, its creed, its rule of faith—woe to the man who rises and declares its worship blasphemy, its creed a falsehood, its rule of faith a damnable delusion. Woe! truly; but unutterable woe would it be if these men did not rise up ever and anon to smite the lazy blood into the cheeks of humanity; to exorcise the demon that directs the rabid multitude; to breathe a holier feeling through a land defaced by blood and crime. They are the pioneers of freedom, the vanguard of the hosts of truth. And their fate is to be reviled and ridiculed—blasphemed and buffeted—tortured body and soul with all the ingenuity of cruelty. Well, so it is, and so it will be; they have counted the cost; their death-smile is the calm of conquest.

WHEN you go to stand before God, it will not be your dress, or your house, or your titles, or your wealth, no, nor even your virtues, however much commended here, that will give you a title of entrance among the glorified. Respectable sin will not pass then and there as here. The honor, the nobility of it is now gone by. The degrees, indeed, of sin are many, but the kind is one; and that a poor, dejected, emptied form of shame and sorrow.

THE only true source of politeness is consideration—that vigilant moral sense which never loses sight of the rights, the claims and the sensibilities of others. This is the one quality, over all others, necessary to make a gentleman.

THE cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose. His criticisms and hints fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon flowers.

WE hold death, poverty and grief for our principal enemies; but this death, which some repute the most dreadful of all dreadful things, who does not know that others call it the only secure harbor from the storms and tempests of life, the sovereign good of nature, the sole support of liberty, and the common and sudden remedy of all evils?

LIVING is death; dying is life. We are not what we appear to be. On this side of the grave we are exiles, on that citizens; on this side orphans, on that children; on this side captives, on that freemen; on this side disguised, unknown, on that disclosed and proclaimed as the sons of God.

THE envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted, and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to persons who are subject to it.

YOUTH, beauty, valor and wisdom are a provocation and displeasure to the envious. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious. What a wretched and apostate state is this! to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him!

WHEN misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments; when to those of our own sect, we call them trials; when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to attribute them to the settled course of things.

BOWING, ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied; and what will give this but a mind benevolent and attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles to all you converse and live with?

BY a kind of fashionable discipline, the eye is taught to brighten, the lip to smile, and the whole countenance to emanate with the semblance of friendly welcome, while the bosom is unwarmed by a single spark of genuine kindness and good will.

LET the fear of a danger be a spur to prevent it; he that fears otherwise gives advantage to the danger; it is less folly not to endeavor the prevention of the evil thou fearest than to fear the evil which thy endeavor cannot prevent.

IN most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint, as well as steel. Either of them may hammer on wood forever; no fire will follow.

A THOUSAND wheels of labor are turned by dear affections, and kept in motion by self sacrificing endurance; and the crowds that pour forth in the morning and return at night are daily processions of love and duty.

A GOOD man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieved for it: but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty in it.

I GIVE it as my deliberate and solemn conviction that the individual who is habitually tardy in meeting an appointment will never be respected or successful in life.

IN misfortune we often mistake dejection for constancy; we bear it without daring to look on it; like cowards, who suffer themselves to be murdered without resistance.

POPULAR opinion is the old fable of the lion's great supper. The delicacies of the forest were spread before the guests, but the swine asked, "Have you no grains?"

The World's Happenings.

Italy licenses her beggars.

Cleveland's superfluous dogs are made up into glue.

Omnibout is the latest London word. It describes the Thames steamers.

An Easton schoolmarm made a boy write 1,000 words for having missed in spelling.

Zoar Bridge, Conn., has a horse that, in drinking from brooks, laps the water like a dog.

A Brooklyn man dreamed he was in a scrimmage, and drew his pistol from under his pillow and shot himself.

The once fighting Modoc Indians have become industrious farmers in the last 12 years, and half of them have professed Christianity.

"Money talks" in Oklahoma. Everyone who does you a service expects a big tip. A sandwich is 25 cents, and a glass of water 10.

In the South there are 16 000 colored school teachers. They have colleges, universities and seminaries, and are worth $2,000,000 in property.

For more than 6 years Owen Groom, a Western man, has shaved himself without the aid of a mirror, and during that time he has drawn blood only once.

A Michigan Indian was promptly ushered into the happy hunting grounds by a can of nitro-glycerine, which he tried to open with his little hatchet.

John Hopkins, of Indiana county, Pa., has his saw mill protected from fire bugs by a burglar alarm connected with his bed-room, and also by a dynamite bomb.

Physicians in an Oregon town have decided to charge at the rate of one dollar per mile as part of their fee whenever they have to go any distance to attend patients.

A Buffalo bachelor has a memorandum book in which he keeps the name of every girl he has ever kissed. He had 938 names on the list the last time he counted up.

A New Englander, after returning home from attending a horse suffering with variola, kissed his children, and in a short time every one of the youngsters was down with the disease.

Inventor M. L. Hussey, of Menlo Park, has secured a patent for a watch to run by electricity. The battery is enclosed in the watchcase, and with it the timepiece will run for a whole year without any attention.

While the grand jury was inspecting the jail at Tunkhannock one of the jurors was mistaken for an escaped convict, and was hustled into a cell. It took two hours to convince the confident sheriff that he had made an error.

The father of a Sunbury family in which there are 18 members, secured 18 different kinds of roots and herbs and put them together and made a spring tonic. It took two first-class physicians 3 hours to pull the family through.

A 7 year old daughter of John Rice, of Shippensburg, Pa., went to the stable with the cat to catch mice. She was lying down, intent upon the cat, when suddenly a tiny mouse plumped down her throat. No ill effects have followed.

A smart gambler at Port Costa, by the aid of loaded dice and an electric battery hidden beneath the table, turned up sixes whenever he pleased, and was on the high road to winning a fortune when the police raided the place.

A Gallitzin liveryman hired out a horse worth $150, which was returned to him foundered. He tied up its head with a chain to push the medicine down its throat. The horse gave a quick jerk, and its tongue, catching in the chain, was pulled out by the roots.

A medical journal says there is talk of applying telephones to the infectious wards of the French hospitals, so as to enable the sick people who are isolated to have the comfort of hearing their relatives' voices without any risk of conveying infection by an interview.

It is told out in Indiana that in 1880 a dinner was given in Madison county, and 13 men sat at the table. Governor Williams, who was one of the 13, called attention to the fatal number, and there was considerable fun made of the superstitious. To-day but 3 of the 13 are alive.

William De Long, who was shot in the head during the Rebellion, died suddenly recently at Van Wert, O., and a post-mortem examination revealed a bullet imbedded in his brain. For years after being wounded he suffered from severe headaches, which several times almost drove him crazy.

A Japanese tattooer, who has lately set up in business in Hong Kong, is so artistic in his work that he is said to have an income of about $5,000 a year. An English prince and an English peer have been among his patrons. He tattooed the arm of the former, and on the body of the latter reproduced scenes from Japanese history.

A Brooklyn man, in a fit of delirium, wandered about the country for two days with his infant daughter, whom he had originally taken out for a walk. He finally reached a farm house, where he and the baby were cared for until they could go home. The delirium is described as an old brain trouble that gives the victim no warning of its coming.

A Washington woman, prosecutor in an assault and battery case, who called the court's attention to marks on her face, the result, she said, of the beating she had received, almost fainted when the judge ordered an officer to closely examine the features. He rubbed a handkerchief over her face, when the marks instantly disappeared, having been made with paint. The case was then at once dismissed.

In Fiuga recently a man secreted a jug of liquor in a bin of oats. This man owns a horse, which for 20 years has been remarkable for its quiet and modest demeanor. Some how that horse neared an entrance to the bin, pulled the cork of the jug with his teeth, tipped it over, and ate the saturated oats. The animal then began to act silly, staggered around the barn, chewed a carriage top to pieces, kicked the barn door down, and was found in a stupid condition under a tree.

LOVE OR HATE.

BY C. H. N.

Love, O love, thy voice is sweet
And thy face is wondrous fair!
Alas! have pity, have a care,
For I am silent with despair—
Too well I know thy voice is sweet.

Love, O love, how shall I speak
That which makes my heart ache so?
Words are far too weak, I know,
For hopeless love is hopeless woe.
Love, O love, how shall I speak?

Love, how darest thou be so fair?
My life, my death, my love, my fate,
Love me at last, though it be late—
Love me, or teach me how to hate—
I am so weary of despair.

An Awkward Affair.

BY S. A. W.

"IT'S too bad you know! The old boy is up to his larks again."

Tom Langhorne flung aside his tennis bat as he spoke, and threw himself on the grass with an expression of mingled vexation and anxiety which sat comically enough on his debonnaire young face.

"Why must Jane needs bring the letter to you out here, spoiling our game!" came in tones so petulant from the pretty girl on the other side of the net as to instantly stamp her as Tom's sister.

"A very good thing she did so, I can tell you. That precious ward of mine is in a pretty mess, and there is not a minute to lose if I am to get him out of it."

And young Langhorne glanced through the document in his hand a second time.

"How do you come to have a ward at all at your age, Tom?" lazily asked a gentleman who was lying on the grass, his head resting on his crossed arms, his face extinguished by a straw hat.

And, indeed, looking at Lieutenant Langhorne's beardless face, with its mirthful, not to say mischievous eyes, it did seem as if he could do with a guardian himself instead of playing the part to another.

"Who is this ward of yours?" went on his friend.

"My great-uncle Jeremiah."

"Now don't make a fool of me, my dear fellow; I know you mean it well, but it is really too hot for anything of the kind," exclaimed the extinguished one.

"It is quite true what Tom says, my dear Mr. Ashmole," put in Mrs. Langhorne in her own mild, imperturbable manner. "Mr. Powker, my uncle, who is over eighty years of age, had an illness last year, which in the eyes of his relations incapacitated him from managing his own affairs any longer. We held a family council upon the subject, and were all of us of one mind in considering that a trustee should be appointed and authorized to take charge of my uncle's property. My only sister and I are his two nearest relations, and it was our wish that poor Uncle Jeremiah should himself name the member of the family he would desire to undertake the responsibility. My husband and brother-in-law agreed to this, and I looked upon it as a certainty that Mr. Langhorne would be appointed; to be sure my sister was equally certain that uncle would fix upon her husband——"

"And because he did not, she and the mater have been at daggers drawn ever since."

"Do not be coarse, dear Thomas. Well, as I was saying, the matter was mentioned to my Uncle Jeremiah himself. To our surprise he was not averse to such an arrangement being made, provided he was allowed to nominate what member of the family he chose as trustee. We cordially assented, when he astonished us by selecting Tom. We had always known that he was the favorite nephew, but the idea of his appointing a young man, who had only come of age a year, as trustee of a large fortune!"

"A lively time of it that young man has had ever since, Ashmole? The fact is, Jeremiah had been a brick to me whenever I was hard up at school, and afterwards at Woolwich, and, knowing I was a bit of a black sheep, I suppose he thought a fellow-feeling would make kind as guardian.

"And so it ought to. The rest of the family insisted that the allowance he demanded was unreasonably large, but I took care that he should have it, and, when at the end of the quarter a few bills over and above straggle in, they get paid without any embarrassing questions. The result is, we love one another like brothers, or rather my great-uncle loves me like his own father.

"I make a dead stand against his whims and fancies all the same. It was disagreeable when he got the fixed idea that all his investments were shaky, and the only thing to be done was to turn everything into cash, and let him keep it in strong boxes under his own eye.

"He would not have five pounds of it in paper—every farthing was to be in coin. When I mildly, but firmly, declined to listen to the proposal, he wept bitterly, and for a long time afterwards regarded me as a hard-hearted brute. My position was not pleasant for the moment, but that affair was nothing to his latest."

"What is it, Thomas?" asked Mrs. Langhorne anxiously; she had forgotten the letter in her explanation of her son's connection with the old man.

"Why, it seems that he's engaged to be married."

"What!" shrieked the girls in a horrified chorus.

"Why talk nonsense, dear Thomas!" said Mrs. Langhorne, in her usual soft voice, but taking the letter out of her son's hand with a certain sharpness.

The fact was, although Uncle Jeremiah was very mysterious as to the will he had made five years ago (when even his relations acknowledged him to be in a perfectly sound state of mind), the Langhornes felt pretty certain that they were considerably interested in the document.

Should the old gentleman be mad enough to contract a marriage, that will would, of course, be rendered null and void. Mrs. Langhorne grew faint at the bare contemplation of such a possibility.

"Read the letter aloud, Thomas, translating it literally. It appears to be in German, and must have been written with a type-writer."

"No, it is printed, mamma," cried one of the girls looking over her shoulder.

Tom took it amid a breathless silence.

'Being interpreted, it is: 'The betrothal of my daughter, Arina, with Herr Jeremiah Powker, I do myself the honor to announce. Tatjana Maria; Baroness Goljewsky.' Then comes the address—Wiesbaden, and the date."

"Baroness Goljewsky! She must be—she must be very grand'" exclaimed Beatrice Langhorne.

'She must be very wide awake," came dryly from Mr. Ashmole.

"She must be mad!" cried Mrs. Langhorne.

"She must be stopped," murmured Tom.

'So she must; please go and do it," entreated the ladies in chorus, fluttering about the young man in whom their one hope lay.

* * * * * *

Two days later Tom Langhorne found himself at Wiesbaden. It was after seven in the evening when he arrived, too late to call upon his uncle without running the risk of breaking in upon a little family party, for it seemed that the old gentleman was boarding with the Von Goljewskys.

After a little dinner at his hotel, Tom made his way to the Cur-Garten. The band was playing, and all the world was promenading up and down the wide square in front of the Conversations Haus.

There were Americans bewitching, and Americans vulgar; lovely, modest young Englishwomen, and ugly, loud ones; pretty, slim German girls, and fat, expressionless ditto.

There were moustached and gesticulating males of many countries, among whom was a good sprinkling of fine-looking, self-satisfied, Englishmen, who in the eyes of the vivacious foreigners, looked exasperatingly phlegmatic.

The universal talk, broken by little trills of laughter from the ladies and occasional guffaws from the men, formed a humming accompaniment to the spirited strains of the band, and heightened the excitement of the scene.

The garden was brilliantly illuminated with electric light, its peculiar shade investing faces, dresses, and foliage with a certain indescribable strangeness. A lake glimmered in the distance, looking very still in contrast with the gay promenade.

Here and there were arches of trellis-work, hung with crimson and blue lamps; beyond them stretched extensive grounds in darkness—the paradise of lovers.

Tom wandered about till he was weary; then he thought he might as well glance at the papers before turning into his hotel.

Entering the Conversations Haus, he saw a saloon to the left filled with little tables, round each of which two or three persons were seated playing chess or draughts.

The scene was new to Tom, and as he looked at the gilded and mirrored walls and the brilliant crystal chandeliers, he could not but think of the contrast between the present quiet games and sober players, and the wild rouge et noir of the gamblers that had made the room notorious in the past.

As his eyes travelled round they met a pair of remarkable blue-gray ones, which were regarding him with interest. Returning the glance with one more admiring, the striking eyes dropped, and a beautiful hand, on which some diamonds sparkled, made believe to arrange the crisp little golden curls that clustered about a low, broad forehead. The girl had some dominoes before her, and she now bent forward and became absorbed in them.

Tom Langhorne seated himself on a settee near, and stole more than one glance at her pretty, piquant profile.

A handsome young dandy of an officer soon lounged into the room, and took up his stand at a little distance from this particular table, his eyes fixed upon the girl in a manner evidently intended to attract her attention.

Looking up, she caught sight of him, and, though no bow passed between them, her eyes flashed a recognition. The next instant she glanced at her dominoes demurely, then raised her eyes with a mischevious twinkle in them to his, as if her playing the slow game in such dull company were the funniest thing in the world.

"Larky place, Wiesbaden, it seems," thought Mr. Langhorne by no means regretfully, and leaning back, he settled himself to observe this witching young lady's proceedings at his ease.

There was a gentleman opposite her, whose back from the shoulders was alone visible to Tom, his head being bent towards the table all the time.

It was an old and slightly foolish looking back, and Tom thought it as worthy of as little attention as the officer had done. At the left of the girl sat a middle-aged woman, fat to utter shapelessness. She had a pair of meaningless, shifting brown eyes, a hook nose, a somewhat battered toilet, and a trick of talking to herself in whispered gutturals. There could hardly be a greater contrast than between the fresh, charmingly-dressed girl and the old witch, her mother.

"D—double nine and to follow, as I live!" stuttered the girl's vis-a-vis in wild triumph.

Tom started as if he had been shot. In an instant he was at the table with an exclamation of:

"Uncle Jeremiah! Is it possible!"

The head belonging to the shoulders showed itself for the first time, turning towards Tom with a slow spasmodic movement.

A little head; quite bald, a face blue-red with astonishment, a pair of lustreless, watery-blue eyes, opened at such a stretch as to show a little line of white at the top a peculiarity which gave Mr. Powker a singularly wild and ferocious appearance.

A pair of heavy gold-rimmed spectacles were turned up on his forehead. The irascible British grandsire to a T; as out of place in this gilded saloon on a Sunday evening as the national St. George would be dancing a hornpipe.

"Come all this way to congratulate me, dear boy; know you have," said Mr. Powker, but without giving Tom's hand quite the hearty shake that circumstances would have warranted. "Introduce you to ladies. Nephew Tom—your future aunt—mother."

Two nods told Tom which was which; he had been used to his uncle's telegraphic form of conversation from childhood.

The old baroness (of whose name he would not have had an idea, had not the fatal announcement of betrothal stamped it indelibly upon his memory) muttered an unintelligible something, and by way of bow—bobbed rather lower than usual in picking up her next domino.

The young baroness, on the other hand, gave a most graceful inclination of the head and a bewitching smile.

As for Tom, he made his most deferential bow, and smiled his usual winning smile with rather a sick feeling at his heart. That his great uncle was in a terribly awkward position was clearer to him than ever, but his confidence in himself, as Mr. Powker's champion, was shaken.

True, he had taken the matter in hand with the courage of enthusiasm, but why? Because he had anticipated a tilt with a vulgar, cunning adventuress, whom it would be an unmitigated satisfaction to outwit.

He had by no means bargained for a contest with youth and beauty, and, looking into Baroness Arina's sunny eyes, he felt himself quite unequal to his task.

"Home now," said Mr. Powker, suddenly sweeping the dominoes together, to the astonishment and fury of the old baroness, who was passionately fond of games of all sorts.

"Put up with me, Tom? Spare room. Baroness cook bit of supper; gruel myself."

"Yes, I pray you come, Herr Powker."

"Langhorne, mademoiselle."

"Herr Langhorne. My mother is not intimate with English, but she rejoices herself that you come, nicht wahr?" and Arina explained matters in German.

"Ach Gott, ja, he must come I suppose," said the old woman with a resigned shrug of her billowy shoulders.

Tom made a feint of protesting, just for politeness, but Mr. Powker had risen and drawn the young baroness' hand through his arm, so there was nothing for it but to offer his own to the mother, and bear up against the enormous weight of that lady as best he could during the walk home.

Arrived at the house, Mr. Powker and his fair companion ascended the first flight of stairs, at the top of which they came to a door partly of glass, which the old baroness opened gracefully by thrusting her hand through a little pane, which stood ajar, and turning the key on the other side.

They now entered a little corridor, on to which all the rooms of the flat opened.

Mr. Powker and Tom turned into the salon while the ladies disappeared to take off their things.

"Well, Tom, what of her? Made splendid choice, eh?"

"She's wonderfully pretty, but——"

Instead of finishing the sentence, Tom's eyes wandered round the room, struck at once by the incongruity of its simple furniture and absence of pictures, with the handsome new grand piano at one end and the many costly trifles which littered the side tables.

"Said 'but' Tom, should just like to know what you mean?" and the line of white at the top of Mr. Powker's eyes widened.

"I mean that the old baroness does not create a favorable impression."

"Oh, that! Takes some swallowing even for me, but can't get pearl without shell. Wish she was better looking and better tempered."

"If she were only better washed it would be a great thing."

"Shut up, Tom, or talk Arina."

As even that subject was not without its pitfalls, Mr. Langhorne preferred to take up a "Times" that was lying about, as an excuse for keeping silence until the ladies came in.

In a few moments the door opened and Arina entered, looking prettier than ever without her mantle. Her gown of Indian muslin gave Tom a vague idea of a pale amber cloud, so easily and gracefully was it draped around her.

A blush rose nestled among the soft folds of her bodice; other ornaments, she had none.

"Till gruel ready, play something, dear child," said Mr. Powker, with a foolish smile.

And sweeping up to the piano, the baroness began to play some sweet dreamy music in such a style that unmusical Tom pardoned it for being classical.

During the repast that followed, Arina chattered bewitchingly in broken English, and Tom laid himself out to be as agreeable as he possibly could—a task he found not only not difficult but perilously easy.

Uncle Jeremiah gulped down his gruel in the dismal silence that compound induces, and his example was followed by the old baroness, who was completely absorbed in pouncing upon the choicest bits the simple dishes afforded.

In spite of the ladies' "sleep well," Tom Langhorne did not close an eye till dawn.

The poor fellow was in a terrible state of perplexity and excitement.

Arina's bewitching face and ways haunted him with a maddening persistency, but not alone: old Mr. Powker's face, too, would keep thrusting itself upon his imagination, blue and contorted with anger as he thanked heaven he had never yet seen it.

Mixed up with these shadowy faces came the recollection of the printed announcement of betrothal. Poor Tom groaned as he recalled it.

Up to a few hours ago his strongest feeling with regard to Mr. Powker's engagement had been one of impatience, but it had suddenly changed into hot anger. Anger, not that the old man should have recognized the charms of the lovely Arina, but that he should have dared to dream of marrying a woman to whom his

grand-nephew could not be indifferent.

There it was out! The young hero, who had volunteered to pluck his aged relative out of the flames, had fallen into the midst of them himself. Lieutenant Langhorne was in love with his future great-aunt.

Towards morning he dozed off, and greatly longed to sleep on till noon, but stoically crushing down the craving, he tore himself from his couch at half-past seven.

Not without a reason. The wicked young man was bent on stealing a march on his uncle, who he knew never left his room before eleven.

On entering the salon he found Arina seated at the table taking her coffee. She welcomed him with a heavenly smile, and as he seated himself near her, he thought that, lovely as she had looked in evening dress, her pink cotton morning wrapper became her better.

The syren poured out his coffee and handed him the rolls and butter with the most fascinating coquetry.

But the baroness' flattering manner piqued while it pleased; for was she not engaged to Mr. Powker? Tom soon spitefully introduced that ancient into the conversation.

At his name Arina's gaiety clouded, and she looked into Tom's honest eyes with a tender sadness.

Tom looked away and changed the subject abruptly, for that look had gone to his heart, and he was rather afraid of making a fool of himself on the spot.

He was now convinced that the beautiful young girl was being sacrificed by her sordid, unprincipled mother quite against her own will.

Breakfast over, Tom asked her plans for the morning, and being informed that she was about to go to the market in quest of fruit and flowers, he begged to be allowed to accompany her, and positively did not flinch visibly when a good-sized brown basket was hung upon his arm.

There was a good deal of very pronounced flirting during that walk, but Arina insisted on being home by half past ten, and when Mr. Powker came into the salon half-an-hour later, neither Tom nor she thought it necessary to mention that they had been out together.

Uncle Jeremiah had passed a bad night, and was in the abominable temper which invariably marked that circumstance. He scarcely deigned to take Tom's proffered hand, and even answered the young baroness' solicitous inquiries testily.

Tom bit his lip as he heard him, already resenting an impoliteness to Arina as he would have done an insult to himself.

All through the day Mr. Powker made himself as unpleasant as he possibly could, which is saying much. In the intervals of his grumbling and storming, the old baroness favored him with frequent glances of concentrated scorn and dislike, but Tom marvelled at Arina's devotion and patience.

It could have been no easy task for the girl to maintain a perfect serenity of temper all through the trying day, but it was lightened by the evident sympathy and admiration of the young Englishman.

Mr. Bowker ended the day better than he had begun it, inasmuch as he was kind enough to retire to bed at eight o'clock. Arina bade him a smiling good-night and remained standing at the door of the salon until he reached his room.

Then, with a deep sigh of relief, she turned and went to the piano to collect the music that lay strewn about.

"Let me help you, mademoiselle," said Tom, coming forward.

But she neither heard nor observed him.

There was an expression of weariness and discontent upon her face, that was in such vivid contrast with the vivacity which had been there all day, that Tom was positively startled.

A vague uneasiness seized him, a momentary doubt as to whether her unfailing good humor all day had been quite spontaneous.

"You need a little exertion, mademoiselle. If her baroness has no objection, will you give me the pleasure of taking you to the Cur Garten for an hour?"

Arina's face brightened a little.

"Thank you, I go most willingly. I am here in ten minutes."

And in twenty she was. Charmingly dressed, her face all smiles, she entered the room, drawing on her gloves as she came.

"Hold my fan for a little moment, please," she said, putting it into Tom's hand.

He took it, and they started.

They promenaded up and down the gravel space in which the band was playing; Arina's wit and vivacity fascinating Tom more each moment. There was scarcely a person present about whom she had not some amusing remark to make.

Suddenly her mood changed altogether. From being recklessly gay she became pensive, and Arina was never more dangerous than at such moments.

Tom walked by her side like one in a blissful dream.

Save that Uncle Jeremiah's temper was sometimes a shade better than at others, this day was a fair type of the days that followed during the next three weeks.

There were delightful mornings alone with Arina, and glorious evenings, in which whether in the winter garden fairy-land or a victim to Mr. Powker and dominoes, he was always under the spell of her presence.

Tom's manner had changed during these three weeks. He was now always either in the wildest spirits or unnaturally depressed. Any one less blind than the old egotist, his uncle, must have remarked with uneasiness the anxious, haggard expression he generally wore now.

The truth was, the poor fellow was in a fever of rebellion, and misery, and love.

His fancy for Arina had become a passion; life without her had not a single charm for him; he felt that, cost what it might, he must marry her in the teeth of his uncle.

Yet it was clear to him that, in spite of all Mr. Powker's crustiness and selfishness, he clung to the lovely young girl, who anticipated his every wish, and laid herself out to while away the tedium of his monotonous days.

Yes, he was sure his uncle loved her as much as it was in him to love any human being. How then could he rob him of the one joy of his life without dealing the feeble old man a blow which might easily prove fatal?

One evening, half maddened by these thoughts, Tom made up his mind to leave Wiesbaden and Arina for ever on the morrow. He was deep in the railway-guide when Arina entered the room, and in her most irresistible manner begged him to accompany her on a little walk. "Herr Herr Powker would not give her the permission to make a walk alone."

Of course Tom went with her, reckless of consequences, and in her presence forgot everything but his love for her.

Arina had grown a little more reserved towards him of late, having observed that the admiration, which she had done her best to call forth, had grown beyond bounds. She would not have invited him to walk out with her this evening had it been possible to disobey Mr. Powker's orders without rousing his suspicion.

As soon as they got into the street she began talking very fast upon indifferent subjects, leaving Tom no opportunity to introduce dangerous topics.

But Lieutenant Langhorne was not easily thwarted when he made up his mind to a thing. He was seemingly docile for a time, only to startle her eventually by cutting into the conversation with a totally irrelevant declaration of his sentiments, and with a passionate entreaty that if she felt that she could learn to care for him ever so little more than for the old man to whom she contemplated sacrificing herself, she would there and then promise to break off her engagement and listen to his suit.

Arina looked up at him with an expression of the profoundest surprise.

An angry flush rose to Tom's cheek at this assumption of innocent astonishment after weeks of flirtation.

"I mean to have an answer to-day, one way or the other, Arina. I have been in suspense long enough. You must make up your mind to throw over my uncle or me. Which?"

"What my heart does answer, you know, Herr Langhorne, but one may not listen to the heart. Life is cruel!"

"If you feel its cruelty, why not rebel against it? Why sacrifice yourself to an old man you cannot love?"

"It is no question of me. Sometimes one must think only of others. Herr Powker loves me."

"And I? Ah!"

"Pray torture me not! There are things of which you are ignorant, things of which I shame to speak. You only know that our family is old and distinguished, but we are also very poor, and—you shall think of us what you will—your Herr uncle has helped us. Do you see? Then afterwards he tells me he loves me—he asks me to be his wife. What answer can I make? I know I could make him happy whatever I should be myself, and my mother would be safe from poverty and misery."

"And you can contemplate such a future without shrinking?"

"Oh no, I cannot. Now, that Herr Powker begins to insist on our marriage taking place soon, I feel myself very unhappy—so unhappy, that even you may be sorry for me; but I shall not draw back, I will not be false to the man who has been such a friend to me."

She slackened her pace and lowered her voice as she went on. "And therefore, Herr Langhorne, I will do what I have had the intention to do for a long time, but not the courage. I will pray you to go away and let us see you no more. If you will do this I may be less unhappy in my marriage."

Her words went to his heart like cold steel.

He was silent. Those words, and still more her manner, had caused a revolution in his ideas.

The noble way in which she held fast to her duty in the face of a great temptation (for Tom knew well enough that she was far from indifferent to him), found an echo in the heart of the high-minded young fellow.

A few minutes ago he had been ready to fling honor to the winds if he might only win the woman he loved: but he loved her the more that she was not, he honored her for being truer, more nobly grateful than he himself, and he was making up his mind to the loss of her at this moment, when his passion was stronger, better than it had ever been.

He turned towards her with a face in which what he was going through was written. He began to speak very rapidly, but his voice was husky and unmanageable.

"You show me my duty, Arina. If I were in any degree worthy of you, I should never have forgotten it so far. You dwell upon what my uncle has done for you—the merest nothing—well, he has been a friend to me all my life; from our first school days up to now I have never been in a scrape that he has refused to help me out of. He has such unbounded confidence in me that he chose me out of the whole family to be the trustee of his property, when he no longer felt equal to the trouble of managing it himself. You know how I have repaid all his affection and generosity. If you had not been the girl you are, I should have been the means of breaking his heart. It is pretty late in the day, but I mean to do what I can. I will go away at once. I will leave the field clear for him. I will—oh, my love, my love!"

The last words broke from him in quite a different tone, in a sort of sob. They were scarcely uttered when he turned and left her.

Arina looked after him uneasily. She was not in the least nervous or fanciful naturally, but there was a wildness in his unhappy face that looked capable of leading to a desperate act.

Tom stalked on moodily, cursing the fate that separated him from the woman he adored, yet, ever and anon, forgetting his wretchedness at her loss, in his pride in her rare qualities. It was something, even in the hour of his misery, to know that he had laid his heart at the feet of an angel.

Any other man would have paused to ask himself why the lady, who had refused upon such high moral grounds to listen to his suit, should have encouraged his attentions up to a certain point in the most marked manner. No such thought crossed Tom's mind, however.

The first thing he did on reaching the house was to announce to Mr. Powker his intention of returning home immediately.

Uncle Jeremiah received the intelligence with that absence of surprise or disquietude with which the aged often receive startling news.

He only said that he hoped Tom would arrange to leave the next morning instead of the same night, as he had received a telegram from a mutual friend who had fallen ill on the journey to Schlangenbad, and was lying at the Hotel d'Angleterre in Frankfort, where he begged Mr. Powker to go and see him if possible.

The journey (an hour by express) weighed upon Mr. Powker's mind as if it were a sea voyage, and the idea of making it alone was unbearable to him. Tom, seeing this, could not refuse to act in accordance with his uncle's wish.

It was arranged that they should leave about ten the next morning, spend the day with their sick friend, and that Tom should continue his journey from Frankfort in the evening, Mr. Powker returning from Wiesbaden alone.

Tom got up at an unearthly hour the next morning, in the hope of having a last interview with Arina, but, to his disgust, no one was to be seen in the salon except the servant, and she only partially visible owing to the cloud of dust she was raising in the course of her sweeping. Arina only appeared at nine, and already sounds from Mr. Powker's room warned them of his speedy advent.

"Good morning," said Arina, offering her hand.

"And good-bye," said Tom, kissing it.

She changed color slightly.

"I thank you much that you make this sacrifice for me, Herr Langhorne. It is hard to say adieu, but it will be easier for me to do my duty afterwards. But I will not that you quite forget me. I, too, shall often remind myself of you. Farewell."

"Farewell," echoed Tom, taking her hand and looking at her with eyes that said more than that one word.

Arina smiled sadly, but drew her hand away, for shuffling footsteps sounded in the corridor, and the next moment her betrothed entered.

Breakfast over, a cab was sent for, and Tom, with a quiet shake of the hand, parted from the woman he loved.

All through the short journey Mr. Powker expatiated upon the nuisance of having to go travelling in such a state of the thermometer. That subject, worn threadbare, he fell to complaining about his general health, thence to speculating upon the nature of new symptoms which he imagined he observed at the moment.

Tom looked at him vacantly for all answer, putting in a nod now and then, as Mr. Powker waxed purple with his agitating theme.

The train steamed into Frankfort. Tom sprang from the carriage, and was turning to assist his uncle in the slow process of alighting, when, to his consternation, that worthy plunged wildly into his arms. He had lost his footing on the step, and but for Tom standing just in front of him, would have had an awkward fall.

"What a blessing you have not hurt yourself, uncle!" exclaimed Tom.

Mr. Powker looked at him with the blank, unseeing glance of a person who is absorbed in the endeavor to estimate the extent of injuries just received.

"You'll stand here for a minute while I get a cab, won't you?"

"What? I dare you to leave me alone one instant in this state. Would be sheer murder. Give arm and try get me into waiting-room. Must see how I am in half-an-hour. Had terrible shock."

"Half-an-hour! Why, you look as well as I ever saw you! I will get you a glass of brandy and water, and you will feel as right as a trivet. You only got down a little quickly, owing to a slip of the foot; you didn't fall."

"But why did I slip? Slip no trifle at my age. May arise from appalling causes, no telling. Don't care to have a fit of apoplexy, nor yet paralytic stroke."

"Well, what on earth are we going to do?"

"Train back to Wiesbaden in twenty minutes. Go by it."

"Not I, thank you. I can stand a good deal, but, by Jove, I could not stand that. I propose to go on to England from here. You look quite yourself; take my word for it, you are all right. Let us drive to the Hotel d'Angleterre, and you can rest while I do the agreeable to Middleton."

Mr. Powker turned upon his nephew in tragical indignation.

"Tell you am going back by next train. Let me travel alone at your peril! Suppose know what I feel like better than you do. Feel deadly ill, tell you. Get tickets."

And there being absolutely nothing else for it, Tom did so, and soon found himself being hurried back to the spot he had such an effort to leave a few hours before.

For the first few miles Uncle Jeremiah thought it incumbent on him to make wry faces every now and then, as of one in acute pain, but as they were quite lost on Tom, who sat staring at the landscape in high dudgeon, the sufferer allowed himself to sink into a gentle slumber.

"Here we are!" cried Tom in no pleasant tone as the train entered the station.

"Eh!" said Uncle Jeremiah, yawning and stretching himself. "Frankfort already?"

An angry snort was all the answer Tom deigned.

"Oh, remember now!" and as he realized the situation he broke into a weak smile, and, patting Tom on the shoulder, said:

"Most extraordinary thing, dear boy! Feel perfectly well now; never better. Pity we came back. What shall we do about dinner? None to be got at Goljewsky's now, may be sure. Tell you what: will dine at Vier Jahreszeiten: capital cuisine. Call cab and put me down there while you drive on to tell Arina to expect me in an hour."

Too much disgusted with his uncle to be inclined for conversation Tom carried out the suggestion in silence.

Having seen him into the hotel, he dismissed the cab and walked on to the Goljewsky's house. Opening the door of their flat with his latch key, he entered.

The deep tones of a man's voice came from the salon. Tom stood a moment undecided whether to go in or to speak to the servant. The door was slightly open, just enough to admit of his seeing a dark curly head bent forward and imprint a kiss upon Arina's cheek. The high scarlet collar of an officer showed itself during the proceeding.

A little murmur of remonstrance from Arina, and, before Tom had regained his self-possession enough to announce his presence, the words in German:

"Why not, my heart? Do you then doubt my devotion?"

"Yes, I cannot help it sometimes, Heinrich. If you really love me as you say you do, how can you urge me to marry old Herr Powker? Why do you not allow me to give him up, late as it is? Knowing that my heart is wholly yours, how can you wish me to undergo such a martyrdom?"

"Gently, gently, Arinachen. You speak like an inexperienced young girl. I, too, wish that love were the one thing in the world, God knows. But it is not. Think of my position, think of my family. If they will hardly help me to pay my debts now, what would they do if I brought a wife home, though the most charming? Do you not know there is all the difference in the world between a penniless girl and the same person as a rich young widow? Circumstances compel me to ask this gigantic sacrifice of you. I know you will make it for my sake."

"By Heaven, you will not!" thundered Tom, breaking in upon them, pale and quivering with indignation. "Mr. Powker will beg to decline to be fooled, even by such an accomplished flirt as yourself. I can assure you I should decline, too, Arina, Arina, you whom I so honored and trusted!"

There were scorn, rage, and heart-break in his voice, and, in his flashing eye, anger and reproach.

Arina, frightened out of all her coquettish arts, looked at him, pale and trembling. Tom went on passionately:

"Who is this fellow, pray? Are you playing with him as you played with us, or do you really mean to honor him with your hand upon your husband's death? A noble scheme!"

Arina, in her shame and alarm, turned to the officer.

"See what you have led me into, Heinrich. This is Herr Powker's nephew. He upbraids me with my conduct; he knows all: I am lost!"

The German placed himself before her, confronting Tom angrily.

"I speak not your language so know not what you are saying, but in such a tone of voice this lady shall never be addressed. If you are the nephew of Herr Powker, tell him from me that I am his rival, his successful rival, for the hand of the baroness. Add that we have loved each other long."

"Indeed? Then I wish you joy. From what I have seen of the lady's conduct and heard of her sentiments, you should suit each other to perfection. Mr. Powker and I are only too happy to retire in favor of such a rival."

"Do you intend to insult me, mein Herr?" shrieked the officer, but Tom had gone.

He rushed blindly to the hotel, where he found Mr. Powker in a private room, laboriously spelling out a bill of fare.

"Uncle, she loves neither of us!" he cried wildly.

Mr. Powker stared at him in amazement.

"Had better not love one of us, if you mean that, sir. Been playing with fire, eh? Deserved to get burnt. Been trying to cut me out!"

Tom burst into a loud, mirthless laugh.

"Neither of us took much cutting out it appears;" and he proceeded to relate what had happened during his absence.

It was curious to watch Mr. Powker's face during the recital. Curious to see mute astonishment give place to ungovernable anger, and that, in its turn, change into malicious satisfaction as he heard in Tom's vibrating voice the agitation the young fellow strove to conceal.

It was only by a blind instinct that Tom hid his feelings, for he was half maddened by conflicting emotions. Indignant as he was with the jilt who had amused herself by breaking his heart he could not kill his love for her in a moment.

He would get over the blow in time, but not without bitter suffering—worse than that, not without the loss of much that was sweetest and freshest in his character.

As for Mr. Powker, thanks to a leathern heart, his love died an instantaneous and painless death, never drawing so much as a single sigh from the hero.

NURSING THE SICK.

SOME little skill and practice is required before a nurse can make effective use of liniments which are intended to be applied by friction. Much the most effective means of using them is by the uncovered hand.

After a little of the liniment is poured into the palm of the hand very slightly hollowed, and being conveyed to the part to which it is to be applied, is rubbed into the skin by gentle but firm and uniform friction. This friction may either be in a circular direction or upwards and downwards, according to the part where the application is made; in some cases only friction in one direction is permissible, and then the hand must be lifted from the skin to return to the starting point.

If there is any special direction in which the liniment should be rubbed in, a careful doctor will always remember to indicate to the nurse his wishes. The amount of liniment to be rubbed in, and the length of time which is to be devoted to the rubbing, must vary so much with individuals, cases that no general rule can be given. As it is usually a pleasant and soothing process to the patient, he is not likely to complain for some time being occupied by it; but unless a nurse is much accustomed to it, she will find the fatigue considerable after some minutes.

Mustard plasters are prepared by spreading on some base, such as brown paper or thick linen or cotton, a thin coat of mustard which has been mixed with water exactly as mustard is prepared usually for use as a condiment. Care must be taken to elicit its strength by thorough mixing, and it should be spread uniformly to the size required, with the thickness of about one tenth of an inch.

The edges of the base should then be turned over, to prevent the escape of any mustard, and the surface should be covered with thin linen (such as a piece of an old handkerchief) or with tissue paper, before the plaster is applied to the skin. In the case of adults, such a plaster may be applied for half an hour or even more; in the case of children a quarter of an hour will usually be sufficient to obtain the desired result.

The methods already described as available for the production of a counter-irritating inflammation of the skin, have in common the effect of reddening its surface and of producing slight swelling and tenderness, with considerable increased vascularity (that is, fulness of the blood) of its deeper layers.

When a greater degree of counter-irritation is required, recourse is had to what is generally called blistering, which consists of setting up an amount of inflammation in the skin sufficient to cause the outer and inner layers of the skin to be separated from each other by the exudation of a watery fluid called serum, exactly as occurs when the skin is scalded by boiling water. The serum is derived from the blood circulating in the vessels of the skin upon which the blistering agent has been applied; and its presence between the two layers of skin serves to protect the inner and sensitive layer from any injury to which otherwise it might be exposed from the proximity of the blistering agent.

This agent in medical practice is almost invariably some preparation of cantharides, applied usually in the form of a plaster, but sometimes employed in solution as a liniment. When the plaster of cantharides or Spanish fly is used, it is generally spread by the apothecary to the size required, on a piece of ordinary adhesive plaster, which is cut rather larger than the blister is desired to be; if it is then slightly warmed and applied to the skin, the adhesive plaster round the cantharides causes it to adhere.

Care should be taken that the cantharides plaster is actually in contact with the skin at every point on its surface, otherwise the blister will not cover the whole surface required. If there is no adhesive plaster round the cantharides, it may be retained in contact with the skin by placing two strips of ordinary adhesive plaster over it, or by applying a bandage gently with a little cotton wool immediately over the cantharides plaster.

Care must be taken not to bandage too tightly over it, as room must be allowed for the blister to rise. A cantharides plaster applied in this way will generally produce a satisfactory blister in from six to twelve hours; and as it exhausts its power when it has separated the outer from the inner layer of skin, there is no objection to leaving it in contact with the skin for some little time after the blister is produced.

It is usual to apply them at night, and leave them on until morning, as many invalids have no difficulty in sleeping notwithstanding the discomfort they produce; while during the day the irritation they cause is annoying and unpleasant.

When for any reason it is desired to blister rather more rapidly, cantharides in solution may be painted freely over the surface on which the blister is desired, the painting being repeated if necessary two or three times in an hour, or until the blister rises satisfactorily.

For the purpose of preventing the blistering fluid from affecting any part of the skin except the part desired, a little olive oil is usually applied round the edge of the proposed blister before the fluid is employed.

When the blister has risen properly, that is, when the outer layer of skin is elevated by a thick layer of serum, the blistering plaster must be removed with care not to tear the skin or irritate the edges of the blister. If it is desired that the blister should heal as quickly as possible, the fluid contained in it must be allowed to escape by puncturing in a few places the outer skin with a scissors, and pressing gently with a sponge or a piece of soft linen or lint.

There is no need to empty it completely; but the openings should be sufficiently large to allow of the free exit of any serum which may not escape at once, or which is secreted while the blister is undergoing the process of repair.

The surface is then covered with a piece of lint cut to the size required, and spread with some simple soothing ointment, such as that made of oxide of zinc or of spermaceti. This dressing should be changed at least twice a day, and at first even oftener, as the discharge of serum, which continues during the healing of the blister, saturates unpleasantly the lint covering it, which if left unchanged becomes stiff and irritating.

In the case of small blisters where the discharge is inconsiderable, a very convenient and pleasant method of treatment is to simply cover them with some cotton wool which adheres to their surface, and under which they heal rapidly with no further dressing. When this method is employed, the cotton wool ought to be left undisturbed until the skin is perfectly healed.

Occasionally it is desired to increase and continue the effect of the blister by maintaining it for some little time in the condition of an ulcerated surface. To this end, the whole of the outer layer of skin covering the blister must be carefully removed by cutting round its edges with a scissors; and to the raw surface thus left exposed some irritating ointment, such as iodine or cantharides ointment, must be applied, spread on lint, and renewed once or twice a day. Under this treatment the surface remains as an ulcerating sore, discharging rather thick yellow matter in place of the white serum which originally filled the blister. When desired, such a sore can usually be healed rapidly by the application of some simple unirritating dressing.

A TURKISH TALE.—We are told that the sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The vizier to the great sultan (whether a humorist or an enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned, of a certain dervish, to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open its mouth, but the vizier knew what it said.

As he was one evening with the emperor on their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree, which grew near an old wall, out of a heap of rubbish. "I would fain know," says the sultan, "what those two owls are saying to one another. Listen to their discourse and give me an account of it.

The vizier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the sultan, "Sir," says he, "I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is." The sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat, word for word, every thing the owls had said. "You must know, then," said the vizier, "that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom there is now a treaty of marriage.

"The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, 'Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion.' To which the father of the daughter replied, 'Instead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to sultan Mahmoud! while he reigns over us we shall never want ruined villages.'"

The story says the sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people.

A LEMON-HEARTED cynic might liken the wedding-ring to an ancient circus, in which wild animals clawed one another for the sport of lookers-on. Perish the hyperbole! We would rather compare it to an echo ring, in which dancing fairies made the sweetest music for infirm humanity.

NOT in the achievement, but in the endurance of the human soul, does it show its divine grandeur and its alliance with the infinite God.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

One question just now is, "How much of the present fashion in Paris will our American girls pick up?" The prevailing fad there just now is to be up in all sporting matters. All the French women are studying the pedigrees of the racers, they all go to the races, they bet, and they attend all the parades and sports. A certain class of American women have always done this thing, but will our better bred women pick it up, or will they pass it by as they do other practices that are French?

Annie Flaherty has been for twenty-five years in the service of Louis Sloss, of San Francisco, president of the Alaska Seal Company. Miss Flaherty is a cook, and Mr. Sloss celebrated the twenty fifth anniversary of her entrance into his employ by a very swell banquet, at which she was a guest of honor. She received many beautiful and costly presents from members of the family, both present and absent. If she is as good a cook as the Slosses say she is she deserves all this attention and even [illegible]

The late Horatio G. Onderdonk, a brother of Bishop Onderdonk, left between two and three million dollars to his heirs, but in a very curiously planned will. Any one of the heirs who does not live up to the moral standard laid down by the will forfeits his share of the estate. The immoderate use of tobacco and spirits is forbidden, and to have breakfasted and be ready for business by nine o'clock every morning in the week, except Sunday, is among the rules to be complied with. The executors are to judge whether the heirs do their duty.

A traveler who recently returned from Pekin asserts that there is plenty to smell in that city, but very little to see. Most of the show places, such as the Temple of Heaven and the Marble Bridge have one by one been closed to outside Barbarians, who can not even bribe their way. The houses are all very low and mean, the streets are wholly unpaved, and are always very muddy and very dusty, and as there are no sewers or cesspools the filthiness of the town is indescribable. He adds that public buildings are small and in a decayed and tumble-down condition, and the nearest one can get to the Emperor's palace is to climb to the top of some building outside the sacred enclosure and surreptitiously peep over the wall through an opera glass. Even then he does not see very much.

By the death of the Duchess of Cambridge, says a correspondent, I am reminded of the oddly romantic morganatic marriage of her son, the commander-in-chief of the English army. It took place, I don't know how many years ago, in Dublin. It was a very private and unpretentious affair, and gossip says that it was celebrated before breakfast. The wedding over, the Duke took his bride to a plain three storied edifice, close to the Royal Barracks, where his Royal Highness was then quartered with his regiment. Of course the lady retired from the stage. Her character was spotless. She has borne the Duke several sons, all of whom are officers in the English army. Their name is Fitz George. Mrs. Fitz George is everywhere received and acknowledged as a lawful wife, and was on the best of terms with her husband's mother, the old Duchess.

"An amusing story," writes a London correspondent, "is going about as to how a very young gentleman received by mistake an invitation to a royal dinner party. He was astonished at the 'command,' but did not jump to the conclusion that it might have been intended for his more mature and more sporting namesake. On reaching the house of the royal host, while not in the least recognising his beardless guest, received him on the strength of his name with the utmost urbanity, and it was only when, after waiting a while for the real 'Simon pure,' that his Royal Highness guessed what had occurred, and that the card of invitation had been left by his equerry at the wrong address. He was, consequently, all the more careful not to allow his young guest to arrive at a similar solution, and, therefore, paid him every attention, and allowed him to leave without once hinting at the mistake which had been made."

THE beautiful in heart is a million times of more avail in securing domestic happiness than the beautiful in person.

"It is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day," said the late Dr. J. G. Holland in Scribner's Magazine, "are more successful than many physicians, and most of them were first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them." Failure of eyesight, fickle appetite, headache, extreme wakefulness, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, gradual failure of strength and dropsical swelling,—these are symptoms of kidney disease. If you neglect the symptoms you will eventually have Bright's Disease. Warner's Safe Cure is the only specific which has ever been discovered for this disease. The late Dr Dio Lewis, over his own signature, said: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

QUAINT CUSTOMS.—Easter customs which among us have simplified themselves into the sending of lilies and the painting of eggs were once many and varied in degree, especially in certain districts of England. Men of defiant mood always ate on Easter day a gammon of bacon in order to spite the Jews. In Derbyshire young men and women went to a spring with sugar in one hand and a cup in the other, in order to drink sweetened water and so gain a view of their husbands. But most curious of all was what was known as "Easter lifting." On Monday, for instance, any party of women who met a man on the street was privileged to lift him off his feet, raise him three times from the ground, exclaiming at each elevation: "In representation of our Saviour's resurrection." On Tuesday the men enjoyed a like privilege and might lift any woman whom they saw. But bye-and-bye like all institutions, these were corrupted and the men took kisses and the women shillings, as a compromise. There is a story told of a strange clergyman falling in with a band of these women in a town he had come to visit, who claimed the privilege of lifting the astonished clergyman, "right and their duty." He tried to flee and tried to argue, but to no avail, and having his quarter's salary in his pouch, gave that instead. From that day to this the custom of lifting has declined, our divine having, without doubt, preached against it, and begging being an easier method, that has flourished in its stead.

IT is seldom that God sends such calamities upon man as men bring upon themselves and suffer willingly.

OVER THE CATARACT.

When the brave Stanley and his tireless followers were pushing their way into Central Africa, they came one day, to the bank of a mighty river. Footsore and weary they quickly launch their canoes, and find rest and change in floating upon the smooth surface of the stream.

Soon, however, the watchful eye of the great explorer sees unmistakable signs of the near presence of a cataract. The current grows swift, tiny bubbles float by. The signal is given to land, and the party seeks safety on the low, shelving bank.

One daring spirit, however, pushes his little canoe into the middle of the stream and goes resolutely forward, with the seeming intention of finding whether the river is navigable.

In vain his comrades shout and gesticulate, rushing wildly along the river bank in pursuit. Not until the loud thunder of falling water breaks upon his ear does he attempt to turn.

Alas, it is too late.

The oars are wrenched from his hands, the boat is tossed wildly about, a mere atom in the seething waters, and in a brief moment, which seems an age to the lookers-on, it is dashed to pieces against a huge bowlder on the very brink of a frightful precipice.

In vain our comrades are kindly warning us of our danger. Our columns have often portrayed the fearful scourge that surrounds us. Often we hear the expression "Is this fearful scourge more prevalent than in olden times?"

We say "No."

In Brutus and Julius Cæsar's time, in the dark ages, we read of powerful men being stricken down. The same statistics are met. The victim succumbs to the disease. The recent discoveries of the microscope has developed the real cause of so many terrible fatalities and brought out the fact that many of the symptoms which are called diseases are but symptoms of kidney disorder.

People do not die because of the kidneys ulcerating and destroying their special organ, but because the poisonous waste matter is not extracted from the blood as it passes through the kidneys, the only blood purifying organs, but remains, forcing its way through the system, attacking the weakest organ.

The doctors call this a disease, when in reality it is but a symptom.

Understanding this, the reason why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many common diseases is plain. It removes the causes of disease by putting the kidneys in a healthy condition; enables them to perform their functions and remove the poisonous acids from the blood; purifies the blood and prevents the poisonous matter coursing through the system and attacking the weakest organs and producing a malady which the unsuspecting victim fears is, and the heartless practitioner pronounces, a disease, because of his inability to remove the cause.

He avoids the real cause and keeps his patient in ignorance because of his inability to cope with an advanced kidney difficulty.

Any honest practitioner will admit that there is nothing laid down in the old or in the modern medical works that is a specific for advanced kidney disorder. His bigotry and code prevent him from [illegible] any preparation not discovered by the [illegible] and not recommended by the [illegible] instructors 50 or 60 years before. He forgets that this is a progressive world, and [illegible] most of the great scientific and [illegible] discoveries of the present day have been made outside of the medical profession.

The public, knowing these facts, should heed the warning and seek safety from the great danger that surrounds them, and look for help outside the profession [illegible] neglected and too often refused to learn or concede that science is outstripping their musty old methods and leaving them and their obsolete methods far behind.

Our Young Folks.

THE CAT AND THE LION.

BY PIPKIN.

"MISS GREY, I've come with my petition and my request."

"But don't you know, Jack, that this is no time for petition or request?" returned the gentle governess.

"Oh, yes, 'tis; present need, present time."

"Well, what is your petition, as you are pleased to call it, your incorrigible boy?"

"O, Miss Grey, live for ever! May the juveniles go blackberrying with me?"

The juveniles were Marjory—Jack called her Marjory Daw—aged nine, Bert, and Allan, a trunk of six.

"I hardly know that I can grant that petition, Jack. You forget the ex——"

"Oh, no, I don't!" cried he, taking the words out of her mouth. "I've thought of the exam., and they'll pass if I pass them—here goes!"

And Miss Grey, knowing the lad of old, felt that there was nothing to do but to sit still and let him have his way.

"Geography first. Now, Marjory Daw, how many miles is it to Babylon?"

"Three-score-and-ten," was the ready reply, for Marjory had been examined by Jack before.

"Right! Now, Bert, for arithmetic—how many do two and two make?"

"Twenty-two."

"Right again! Now, Marjory, here's a question in grammar which made a great stir in the grammatical world once upon a time—which is the correct, Murray way, to say four and six are eleven, or to say four and six is eleven?"

"Neither, because four and six are ten."

"Ah! just so. You're wiser than the big-wigs, thanks to Miss Grey."

"Now, Allan, here's a easy question for you—who killed Cain?"

"Abel," said the glib little tongue, falling into a trap.

"Ahem!" coughed Jack, "that's not quite correct; still, on the whole, the exam. is satisfactory, most satisfactory, Miss Grey; so now lift forward your sceptre in token of yes, and you'll not regret your royal clemency."

"But your mamma?" hesitated Miss Grey.

"Oh, mamma agrees; it only rests with you to give the nod of assent, like the old heathen god, and surely you'll not be more hard than he."

"Well then, I agree; only don't let them come to any mischief."

Ah! if Jack had taken that wise warning to heart.

So the petition was granted, and received with such a hurrah that one wondered how a boy's lungs could make such a noise.

And then, the hurrying and scurrying through the house to find mamma, to find cook, to find everybody; even Tibby, the cat, came mewing along the passage to meet them, as if inquiring what all that to-do was about.

At last they were off, each one with a basket, and Jack with provender inside his because, as he said, they may not be back by dinner-time, and picking blackberries was hungry work.

Their first surprise was Tibby jumping out of Marjory's basket when she opened it, and scurrying away after a dormouse, all up a tree and down again, as the poor little victim ran.

Well, she caught it and killed it and crunched it, just for cruel sport, as her mistress said, half tearfully, when she brought her poor little pitiful spoil, and laid it down at the girl's feet.

"O, Tibby, how could you!" expostulated she and when the cat mewed as in penitence she forched her a morsel of meat from Jack's basket, and thus coaxed, she kept faithfully by the side of her benefactress as they went deeper in the heart of the wood.

"Now, if we should meet robbers, what would you do, Marjory Daw?" questioned tease Jack.

"I should scream," replied Marjory, like a girl. "What would you do?"

"Fight them, of course, screaming would be of no use or purpose."

"I would run for Nurse Jinks, ever so fast, ever so fast," said prudent Allan.

Yes, Nurse Jinks lived on the border of the not extensive wood, they knew her house well, they often went there, they intended to carry her some blackberries to-day—that was if they had any to carry—they ate them so fast; the baskets did not seem to fill.

Ah well! wily Jack was leading them into the enemy's camp, for lo! they heard such a crunching and crushing, such a hewing and chopping, as in warfare with someone, that Marjory's bonnet fairly moved on her head.

"Robbers!" cried prankish Jack. "Now, Marjory Daw, scream your loudest—here we are!" and there, through the shimmering leaves, was the flash of burnished steel.

"The—the—" oh! didn't Marjory scream, and wasn't she terrified when she saw two men leap through the bushes, armed with axes, to know what was the matter.

"This lady thought you were robbers," laughed Jack.

"You said so," spoke Marjory, with white lips.

"Ah! another wolf story, young sir!" remarked one of the men; and they returned to their work, for they were woodcutters.

"Well," proposed Jack, as the hours wore on, "suppose we bivouac and eat our lunch?"

So down they sat in a sunny glade, and ate and drank and were refreshed; and while the young ones lingered over their meal Jack stole away.

"I wonder where Jack is?" questioned Allan; timorously glancing round as they heard something stirring in the bushes near.

"I don't know; perhaps that's he," replied Marjory.

No, it was not he, but some ugly indescribable creature on all fours; it might be a bear or a lion for that matter, as it wriggled and crept among the tangle of underwood; growl upon growl, low, but terribly real, proceeding from its huge jaws—yes, it had huge jaws; it was some devouring creature.

Even Tibby, who had heard, and now mingled with them to peep at the monster, set up her back at it, whatever it was, and darted toward it like some poor charmed creature, drawn on by very terror to its fate.

"Oh, Tibby, come back, come back!" cried Marjory. "Oh, Jack ought not to have left us—oh, Jack! Jack!"

The very woods seemed quite to ring with her shrill call, but there came no response or reply, save the low growls of the dreadful beast.

Ah! there, there! it was in full sight; the other children saw it catch up poor Tibby in one of its paws, and leap off on three amid the distressed mewing of the poor captive and the heavy murmuring roar of the captor.

Oh, what a medley of sounds it was! it made Marjory's blood run cold in her veins as she heard it. She was but a little girl, still for her lost darling's sake she would be brave; she would follow her, and mayhap rescue her from the jaws of a terrible death.

Away she darted, her brothers watching her; she did not seem to have run far when a wild scream rang out in the golden air; all through the many-tinted leaves it quivered. It was a wonder that the woodmen did not hear it, but they said afterwards that they did not.

No, nobody seemed to hear or regard.

Then the two little boys thought it their wisest course to start for Nurse Jinks' cottage, as to a refuge of safety, a place of succor and help for Marjory; ay, all they needed could be found in the deep mind of Nurse Jinks' love.

On, on, through bush, through bramble, Marjory's scream never rang out again; had the monster silenced her and borne her quite away, or worse? at which the little fellows shuddered even to think of.

And where was Jack, valiant Jack, who had just declared he would fight a band of robbers, and who, therefore, would not turn back from this horrid beast, which, for all they knew, had stolen their sister?

There, they were nearing Nurse Jinks' house at last, and she herself was coming out to meet them.

But no, not Nurse Jinks, but it was she, and it wasn't. The boys thought it was a woman, a woman wearing Nurse Jinks's clothes; only she wore no cap, and her hair hair was short and as white as snow, and her face was the sourest, the oldest looking, and the queerest, they had ever seen.

And then her glasses, her large goggle glasses, her stern staring eyes—no wonder wee Allan screamed his loudest and hung back at this terror upon terror looking out at the cottage door at them, a stranger who was, and yet not Nurse Jinks, with goggle eyes and good-size glasses to match.

"If 'tisn't Nurse Jinks, 'tis somebody," said sensible Bert, going valiantly on, and dragging Allan after him in tow.

"Well, what do you young men want?" screamed the somebody in a very shrill tone.

"If you please, ma'am, there's a lion or something in the wood, and he's stolen a cat and a girl, and I'm afraid he's got a boy too," said Bert in all good faith.

"Ahem! then we'd better go and look for him," said the old lady in a far sweeter, more sprightly tone, and her vinegar face lost somewhat of its sourness and its wrinkles. "Wait a moment while I get my bonnet, and then if you may choose, I'll go with you."

And lo, and behold! while they waited, it was Jack who came bounding out to go lion-hunting with them, and not she who was not Nurse Jinks.

"Which way went the beast?" questioned he in high glee, while the boys clung to him and asked where he had been as they went along.

"Been to see Nurse Jinks, and she isn't at home," he told them, chuckling and laughing.

But no lion was to be found; no cat, no girl—they shouted Tibby, they shouted Marjory, but there came no response, no sound as from any that heard.

They beat about the bushes near the bivouac ground, but no trace, no sound of the lost ones, or the lion either.

"You must have gone to sleep, and dreamt it," said Jack, but he began to look sober.

"Oh! we didn't go to sleep; we're sure a something, a big beast, caught Tibby and carried her off, and then Marjory went after, and then she screamed, and that is all;" so Bert told his story.

No, it was not all—they stood on a high bank, a dangerous precipice it might be called, for gravel had been dug out on the other side, which made it an awkward place to fall over—down, down, several feet.

Well, up from this gravel pit came piteous mews—Tibby's mews, Jack said, in a white terror at what might have happened down below.

Away he ran, round, and down a descending path which brought him to the bottom of the gravel pit. There he saw a sight he never forgot: Marjory, white and still, lying on the ground, Tibby licking now her hands, now her face, and when she saw the three boys, mewing out her tale right sorrowfully.

"She has only fainted, only fainted," cried Jack with lips as pale as they could be. "Bert, run and fetch me some water in my hat."

And, while Bert ran to a spring near for the water, Jack knelt down and raised the poor little drooping head of his sister, eased her twisted ankle with her foot quite bent under her.

Ah! she moaned then, moaned and fainted away quiet and still as before; but when Bert brought the water, and they bathed her face, she roused up, and became her own poor little suffering self, with startled terror-stricken eyes, which looked this way and that.

Her story was soon told—she had followed the creature which had clutched and carried away Tibby, and, heedless in her fright of where she ran, had fallen over into the gravel pit.

It was a mercy that she had escaped with a poor shaken body and a badly twisted ankle—ay, a great mercy that it was not death. Well, Jack stayed with her while Bert fetched the woodmen, who made a litter of little boughs for her and bore her home.

And this is Jack's tale as told to his dear mother that evening when Marjory had been hushed to sleep. The day's adventures were due to him and his hoaxing, his practical joking; for, first, he had donned the lion's skin he had purloined from home and hidden in the woods for the purpose, and, when he had played that part to his satisfaction, he had vaulted away to Nurse Jinks' cottage, there to find the cottage empty, so to speak, Nurse Jinks being out.

Here he arrayed himself in some of the old lady's clothes, floured his hair, distorted his face as he knew how, put on those ugly old spectacles—nurse had often showed them for fun—stared and glowered through them, till he thought he was enough to frighten anybody.

Then, quick as thought, he darted out to the door when he heard the patter of the boy's feet on the road outside. Oh, yes, he managed it all very cleverly—but what had it brought?

Three minutes of captivity and pain on the sofa to Marjory, and a sore heart to himself at seeing her there, with the knowledge that his sister's injury was caused by him.

And was that all? Oh, no! practical jokers do not usually escape so easily, nor did Jack. He was deprived of his pocket money for three months; even grandpapa's Christmas present of a dollar he forfeited. And in the spring, when his mother took all the young party for a long stay by the sea-side, to recruit Marjory's health, he was left at home to plod to and from school; no one in the house to speak to but the servant left in charge. "No," he was wont to say in after days, "fun isn't fun when it causes harm or pain to others, but it is mischief when it brings pain and trouble to any body. I learnt that once upon a time."

BESS AND HER DOLL.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

"I KEP' no go to the field with Kate; it is no dull in the house!" cried Jack.

Nurse had a great deal to do that day, and thought that it would be quite a nice thing to get Kate and Jack and Bess out of the way.

"Will you take care of them, Miss Kate, and not let them spoil their clothes?"

"Oh yes," said Kate, who was eight years old. "Let me put your hat on, Bess."

"My doll too?"

"Yes, we'll take your doll and give her a swing."

Bess gave a jump—she was so glad.

Nurse saw them to the door, and then went back to her work.

"Now," said Jack, "here is the swing. My turn first!"

"No; girls first!" said small Bess with some pride, as she got up on the seat.

"You are a puss, indeed!" cried Jack; "and I shall climb up too."

"Kate too?" said Bess.

Up got Kate, and a good swing they had. You could have heard them laugh a long way off.

By-and-by they tired of the swing, and went on through the cool field till they came to a stream.

"It looks so clear; I can see the fish," said Jack. "I shall catch some."

"But the fish can see you," said Kate.

"I don't mind if they do. Please give me a pin."

Down sat Jack, and with a stick, a bit of twine, and a bent pin, on which he put a bit of bun he had with him, he tried to catch a fish. Some small fish ate up the bit of bun and he saw them do it, but he did not catch them.

He sat there, while Kate and Bess went on to some long grass. Bess lay down and soon went to sleep.

Then Kate went back to Jack, and threw all the crumbs they had left in the stream for the fish to fight for, and some fought they had.

Nurse came to the door to call them home to tea. She had to raise her voice, but they very soon heard her and got up at once.

"Come and fetch Bess," said Kate and they both ran to the long grass where the wee child had lain down to sleep; but no Bess was there!

"Bess! Bess!" they cried, but no voice was heard in the field.

Nurse came out now, and saw the white face with which Kate ran here and there.

"What is it?" she cried.

"Bess!" was all Kate could say.

Nurse got white too now.

"Where did you leave her, Miss Kate?" said nurse in a stern voice. "You said you would take care of her."

"I did," said Kate, with a big sob, "but she went to sleep just here, and I thought she was quite safe, and came back to Jack. Oh, nurse what shall we do?"

Then John, the man who had to cut the grass on the lawn, came up with his scythe in his hand.

"What be it all, then?" he said to the nurse.

"The child—Miss Bess—is lost!"

"Lost!" said the man in a slow voice; "where did ye lose her?"

"Over there in the grass; she went to sleep, and Miss Kate left her, and now she can't be found, poor lamb!" and tears ran down nurse's face.

"See here," said John, as he put his scythe up on the branch of a tree, "I must go out on that road a bit. If I can get a lift in a cart, maybe I shall be in time."

"What for?" cried nurse and poor Kate at the same time.

"I seed a tramp come from the house not long since, and she was just mad with the cook, who would not give her more than bread."

"You mean she has been and stole my dear Miss Bess?" said nurse, and the man thought she would faint.

"I don't know. I'll go down the road at once; these tramps all go one way. Don't you fret."

He put on his coat and went.

John was soon out of sight, for a man in a light cart drove him on his way. They had gone half a mile, and John thought the search would be in vain, when he heard a child cry on the other side of a hedge.

It did not take long to stop the cart, and for John to make his way to the place the cry came from.

There, on the grass, lay poor Bess, her wee fat hands tight round her doll's neck. Her nice frock gone, and her good shoes. She had no hat on, and cried in a sad way.

"Oh, Miss Bess!" said John as he ran and found her, "don't fret! I'll take you home to nurse and Miss Kate! Come on, my dear!"

The child put her arms around John's neck, and laid her small wet cheek on his rough coat.

"Nice John; take me home!"

The man in the cart had stood to see if the child was found, and now he drove them home.

How Kate and Jack and nurse ran to the cart to get the first kiss from their dear Bess! No one could hear her out of their sight for days, and she could not tell much of what the tramp had done.

"She took my frock and my shoes for her poor girl," said Bess, "and then she ran and left me."

Mr. Grant, who was very fond of his small girls and of Jack, made the men lock the gates each day, so the tramps and thieves could not get in.

The bad one who had been there was soon caught and sent to gaol. Mrs. Grant told Kate that nurse must be with them all the time now when they went out.

"Did you think the bad tramp would hurt you, Bess dear?" said Kate, as she sat by the cot that night.

"No," in a slow voice, "but my doll did—oh! she shook with fear!"

Kate could not help a laugh at this, for the doll, whose head was on the bed by Bess, did not look at all as if she had had such a shock. Her eyes were very wide and very blue, and there was a calm smile on her face.

When John was at his work on the lawn Bess used to go to him and talk a great deal. One day she made John bring his own wee girl to see her. This child was just the same age as Bess.

"What is your name?" said Bess.

"Loo," said the child.

"Will you have my doll, please?" said Bess.

"Not to keep," said John, "but just to look at, Miss Bess."

"Well," said Bess, "let us sit down and play with it."

So they sat down, and that doll had queer things put on for clothes, while Bess and Loo were still till Mrs. Grant brought them some fruit and some cake, and then Bess had to go to bed.

NATURE is constantly balancing her economia, restoring disordered things to their equilibrium. "In the long run," says a modern author, "Nature may be depended upon to balance her books. The sun draws no more water from the sea than the lakes are able to receive and the rivers to carry back. Immense as is the pressure of the atmosphere upon every hair's breadth of surface, we move about in it unconscious of discomfort, because our own powers of resistance have been exactly proportioned to the need."

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M. D., Professor in University College, London, Eng., Examiner in Medicine, Royal College of Surgeons, says in reference to advanced kidney disease: "Complications are met, such as consumption, heart disease, [illegible] conditions, liver affections. Warner's Safe Cure cures these affections by putting the kidneys in a healthy condition, thereby enabling them to expel the waste or poisonous matter from the system.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

BY S. U. W.

I was young, and joy bells
Rang a merry chime;
Oh, no heart was light as mine
Once upon a time!

None, they said, compared with me;
Girls of every clime
Paled before my face so fair
Once upon a time.

Many a heart it ached for me;
Sure it was no crime
If I turned the heads of all
Once upon a time.

One I walked with there, my child,
Out beneath the lime;
One poor heart is broke for me
Once upon a time.

Now, all through my weary brain
Runs an olden rhyme;
'Tis the song he sang to me
Once upon a time.

THE HISTORY OF KISSING.

Man has been defined as a biped without feathers; he has also been described as a creature that blows his nose; a third definition might well run, man is a kissing animal.

If in this connection one takes a biblical story as the basis of historical investigation, it is seen that is not till the time of Isaac and his son that the giving and taking of kisses was thought worthy of chronicle.

There is no mention of the interesting monosyllable till the twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis, and in two chapters ahead there is the very human line, "And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice, and wept."

But we are not to imagine that because kissing is unchronicled earlier among the patriarchs, kisses among the Jews started with Jacob and his father.

The manner of Jacob's salutation of Rachel furnishes inward evidence that kissing in patriarchal days was by no means newly come into fashion.

There were times when everybody used to kiss everybody else, without respect to sex. In the reign of the fourth Edward of England, we are told that it was the custom for a guest both on his arrival and departure, to kiss not only his hostess but every other lady present.

However general kissing was in those times, it appears that there crept in an unmanly habit of passing over plain women unkissed. Bunyan complains about this favoritism; and there is a story of a King who having kissed the front row of a deputation of nice girls that had come out to meet him, deputed his attendant to kiss the remaining and somewhat plainer collection of young women in the back ranks.

But the old custom died hard in some directions. There is a story of a dashing barrister who on leaving his inn in the morning, intimated to his landlady, a good looking little Quaker, his total inability to depart without kissing her.

"Friend, thee must not do it," she said. "By Jove, I will;" he replied. "Well, friend," she answered, "as thee hast sworn thou mayest do it this time, but thee must not make a practice of it."

What must dancing have been like when "a kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner?"

Recognizing the fact that kissing baffled all attempts at adequate definition, Josh Billings, who of all men has never been at a loss for definitions, declared that, "the more a man tries to analyzeje kiss, the more he cannot, and the best way to analyze a kiss, is to take one."

Two other geniuses who wrestled with the problem could get no further than comparative definitions. Sam Slick had a notion that kisses were like creation, they were made out of nothing, and were very good. Another humorist gave it as his opinion that kisses are like sermons, they require two heads and an application.

A last laborious searcher after an exact definition gave it up in disgust, but offered the suggestion that the verb to kiss might easily be conjugated into English after the following plan, if doing so could help anyhow: Root—Buss, to kiss; rebus, to kiss again; pluribus, to kiss without any regard to number; sillybuss, to kiss the hand instead of the lips; blunderbuss, to kiss the wrong peson; omnibus, to kiss every person; erebus, to kiss in the dark.

Of course every country has some idiosyncrasy in the kissing way.

We have the kissing under the mistletoe, in connection with which interesting practice it may be worth reminding my readers that formerly the pretty evergreen was excluded from the materials for church decoration, because of the scandal that had been aroused by the numerous osculatory passes which had taken place under its auspices at popular gatherings.

The ban is now removed, and the old time notion that a girl who was not at Christmas kissed under the mistletoe would not be married during the next twelve months, seems to have gone too.

In Russia, the Easter salutation is given in the form of a kiss.

In some parts of Russia the poorest serf, we are told, meeting a "lady of high degree" in the streets at Easter has but to say, "Christ is risen," and he will receive a kiss, and the reply, "He is risen truly."

As to quantity in regard to kisses. Here are three popular sayings, and this is all we must say on so delicate a subject.

"Some folks are never satisfied;" that is No. 1 "Enough is as good as a feast;" there is No 2 "What would fill a goose, would starve an elephant;" No. 3. Now for two stories, one in verse, and one in prose, but both clerical. Strike "the happy mean" between the two.

The tale goes that there was once a jovial vicar who was such a glutton for kisses that when he obtained the wished for osculation he was still in such an unsatisfied state that he audaciously demanded a score, and then—but let the rhyme take up the story—

Then to that twenty add a hundred more;
A thousand to that hundred; so kiss on
To make that thousand up a million;
Treble that million; and when that is done,
Let's kiss afresh, as when we first begun.

As for the other parson, he was a Scottish one

This Rev. John Brown, of Haddington the well known author of the 'Self-Interpreting Bible," had courted the afterwards Mrs Brown for six and a-half years before the following conversation took place:—"Janet, we've bin acquainted now six year an' mair, an' I've ne'er gotten a kiss yet. D'ye think I micht tak' ane, my bonnie lass?' "Just as you like, John, only be becomin' an' proper wi' it." 'Surely, Janet, we'll ask a blessin'!" The blessing was asked and the kiss taken, and the unusual delight took his breath as he exclaimed: "Heigh, lass! but it's gude! Noo, let us return thanks!" And in six months they were married.

Grains of Gold.

Envy shooteth at others and wounds himself.

Give full measure and weigh with a just balance.

Consent to common custom, but not to common folly.

When there is room in the heart there is room in the house.

Correction of error is the plainest proof of energy and mastery.

Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things.

Who hath not known ill fortune never knew himself, or his own virtue.

Bad memory has more sins laid to its charge than any other weakness.

The competitors with whom laziness' ambition seems to vie are the dead.

We are so desirous of vengeance that people often offend us by not giving offence.

Misfortune makes of certain souls a vast desert through which rings the voice of God.

If some men died and others did not death would indeed be a most mortifying evil.

Calumny is the homage of our contemporaries, as some South Sea Islanders spit on those they honor.

God is on the side of virtue; for who ever dreads punishment suffers it, and whoever deserves it dreads it.

Life consists in the alternate process of learning and unlearning; but it is often wiser to unlearn than learn.

If I have made appointment with you, I owe you punctuality; I have no right to throw away your time, if I do my own.

We should pass on from crime to crime heedless and remorseless, if misery did not stand in our way, and our own pains admonish us of our own folly.

Truth is tough; it will not break like a bubble at touch; you may kick it about all day like a football and it will be found and full at evening.

Femininities.

Queen Victoria scorns to use an umbrella.

A new occupation for a woman is that of superintendent of weddings.

At a fashionable wedding in Washington recently the bridesmaids carried canes.

There are 213 clubs of women in New Orleans devoted to the study of political economy.

A cynical bachelor suggests to us that many of the girls of the period are less facts than figures.

A Terre Haute woman, 70 years old, has attended every circus within reach since she was 5 years old.

Blondes are coming into fashion again. The brunettes nevertheless consider this far from a fair proceeding.

A popular St. Louis girl recently received during a short spell of sickness 3000 roses and 40 pounds of candy.

Somebody has been looking up the matter, and finds that altogether there are 60 women dentists in the country.

An enameled white mouse, with ruby eyes, climbing up a gold scarf-pin after a pearl, is one of the latest novelties.

A ribbon of white satin, with a beautiful silver crown attached, deserves mention for its attractive simplicity as a book-mark.

The fleece of 10 goats and the work of several men for half a year are required to make a cashmere shawl a yard and a half wide.

Cooking schools in London contrive to flourish under such names as "Technical Colleges for the Training of Gentlewomen in the Domestic Arts."

Bessie: "What's the matter in the dining-room?" Tommy: "Oh, the usual contest between pa and ma over the speakership of the house."

Two of the handsomest new hairpin heads are a thistle ball in gold wire, each ray tipped with a small diamond, and a small sunflower formed of diamonds and rubies.

In the boudoir. Miss Susceptibility: "Mrs. Byron, what makes you suspect your maid?" Wide-awake woman: "My husband is always telling me how he hates her."

Bridget: "Enjoy slape, is it? The minute I lie down I'm aslape, and the minute I'm awake I have to get up. Where's the time for enjoying slape to come in, I'd like yez to tell me?"

An easy way of making a whisk broom holder is to take a common Japanese open fan and cover with black and gold satin in diagonal bands; straps of ribbon finished with bows hold the broom.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union of Michigan is pleading for a separate prison to be established for women. It is said that the petitions already received by the Legislature would fill a cart.

It is said that the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Chicago recently found a cook-book, which it was obliged to suppress because it was discovered that in a recipe for mince pie cider was prescribed.

She: "I believe you know my neighbors, the Chesterfield Browns?" He: "Haw—well—a—I go to the house, don'cherknow, and dine with 'em occasionally, and all that, but I'm not on speaking terms with 'em!"

A number of Detroit ladies have organized a society for the cultivation of the art of conversation. They very properly regard the attainment as one of the highest, and as much to be sought after as piano playing or painting.

Street car conductor: "You'll have to pay fare for that child, sir; he is over 6." Passenger, indignantly: "Well, that's the first time I've ever been asked to pay fare for that baby, and he's ridden with me on the street cars for 3 years and more."

Two English servants, Ann Warde and Eliza Wylde, went to a Salvation Army meeting on a Sunday evening, overstayed the time when they should have been home, and for fear of a scolding tied themselves together with a woolen scarf and drowned themselves in a canal.

Quite effective scrap baskets may be made by cutting pieces of pasteboard in the shape of large vases, and covering them with either cretonne, India silk or brocade. The sides should be whipped together, the joining concealed with cord, and a large bow of ribbon tied in the centre.

In a few of the famine-stricken districts of China mothers are selling their children. A missionary, who visited the market town of Wang Chia Ch'uan, met many women on the streets calling out: "Who will buy this boy? I can't feed him any longer, and I don't want to hear him crying about for want of food."

A young woman of Owingsville, Ky., whose father objected to her marrying the man of her choice, eloped, clad in an old calico wrapper and without any head covering, her father having hidden her clothing. She rode 18 miles on horseback, when friends furnished her with garments and the wedding took place.

The temperance and suffrage women of Nevada are protesting against the execution of sentence in the case of a woman condemned to be hanged there. In their appeal to the Governor they declare this mode of punishment "a barbarous atrocity," and doubly outrageous when committed on a woman, because of the illegality of her trial, which is not by a jury of peers."

A Boston girl was married recently to a Chinaman named Charley June. The ceremony proceeded with much difficulty. When the groom was asked if he would take the bride to be his "wedded wife," he became confused. The clergyman suggested that the usual reply was, "I will;" but it was not till the bride had warmly said, "Say yes or no, one or the other," that June came to time with "I will."

Masculinities.

But one thing on earth is better than a wife—that is the mother.

All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of a woman.

A man without character is always making a fuss about having it vindicated.

All the whetting in the world can never set a razor edge on that which hath no steel in it.

Life is full of compensation. The tongue of the deaf and dumb man can never get him into trouble.

Mankind at large always resembles frivolous children; they are impatient of thought, and wish to be amused.

A mosquito with opal body, ruby eyes and gold legs and proboscis will be appreciated at the summer resorts as a scarf-pin.

A fellow who had been rejected by a very pretty girl, was heard to say that in his opinion the "Beautiful's No" was a poor poem.

A student of medicine having courted a girl a year and got the mitten, has turned round and sued the father for "the visits" he paid her.

Meaning goes but little way in most things, for you may mean to make things stick together and your glue may be bad, and then where are you?

A bachelor's conundrum. What is the greatest organ in the world?—The organ of speech in women. Why is it the greatest?—Because it is an organ without stops.

There will be a case of justifiable parricide one of these days. A New York father has named one hapless child Ajax Telamon and the other Agamemnon Achilles.

A country paper says, "there is a graveyard in the neighborhood where may be seen the impressive picture of a man sleeping peacefully by the side of his six wives."

Men can be afflicted with 1145 different ailments known to medical science, and on top of that his dog may die, his wife run away and his home burn down without insurance.

It is hard on a young man to spend three months deciding which of two girls he will choose for his wife, and then to find out when he proposes that neither one of them will have him.

As they say their last "good bye," a clock strikes 101 if it 121. George: "How the hours fly when you are at my side, dear!" Daisy: "Yes, George; but that's pa in the dining-room, setting the clock!"

James H. Hall, 26 years old, of Cincinnati, O., has shown himself to be a man of nerve. He has just married his deceased wife's mother, who is described as being not "fat, fair and forty," but "sallow, slim and sixty."

The regular income of John D. Rockefeller, is said to be $20,000,000 a year. Every night he goes to bed he is $54 791 richer that he was the night before, every hour adds $2283 to his fortune, and at every tick of the clock $38 is added to his pile.

Caller, watching Colonel Blood as he approaches: "What a soldierly bearing your husband has, Mrs. Blood! He carries himself so very straight and erect." Mrs. Blood, without looking around: "I expect so. He has been dining with some friends."

We once knew an individual whom a mistake of half a minute in the boiling of a couple of eggs would put out of humor for a whole day. Occasionally this slave of appetite would throw a dish that was not to his taste out of the window. Yet he was a member of the church, and asked a blessing on every meal.

"James," said the village jeweler, "are there any weddings to take place in the neighborhood soon?" "There are two to come off next week," said the clerk. And the jeweller sat down at once and wrote an order for two dozen pickle castors with privilege of exchanging twenty-two of them for something else within thirty days.

"Ah," sighed Jones, "I suppose these new explosives we read of are useful, but I have one which can blow up any number of men at once and immediately be ready for another attack. I would gladly dispose of it to any foreign government, the more distant the better. I refer, gentlemen," he explained to the interested crowd, "to my wife."

"Speakin' of twins," said old man Chumpkins, "there was two boys raised in our neighborhood that looked just alike till their dyin' day. Lem didn't have any teeth and his brother Dave did, but they looked precisely alike all the same. The only way you could tell 'em apart was to put your finger in Lem's mouth, and if he bit yer 'twas Dave."

At a church party held recently in Mc Donough, Chenango county, N. Y., forty young ladies were put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder. A hayseed believed the sale was bona fide and put up all his cash, $7 45, on the prettiest lady bid off. It took considerable persuasion to convince him that he could not remove his purchase to the paternal ranch.

There has been a revival of religion at Moberly, Mo., and among the conversions was that of a man who had been a very hard case. When he went forward in the church to make a profession of his faith he surprised the parson and people by handing to the former a bottle half full of whiskey and a slung shot. He said that he proposed to renounce all his evils.

"What do you call that act?" said the bass singer to the acrobat. "Oh, that's merely a backward spring," answered the acrobat. "Ah!" said the bass singer: "if I should try it there'd be an early fall, eh? Let's go and have a Summer!" "A what?" "A Summer, more than one swallow, you know." And then, as the Irishman said, they Winter way together.

Mr. De Prig, of Boston, in a Dakota hotel: "Waiter, what caused the explosion at the other end of the dining-room? Was somebody shot?—Waiter: "Oh, no, sir. We don't allow shooting in the dining-room. The cook was a little careless and let a cartridge from his revolver fall in the soup, and the gent who was just carried out happened to crush it between his teeth."

Recent Book Issues.

"Miss Crespigny," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers. This is a most charming and powerful love story. Price 25 cents.

"The Pretty Stenographer or, the State of Arboria Under Prohibition and Female Sufferage," by Horace Gayman, is a novel whose title and matter suggest a meal where there is more dish than eatables. It would seem to promise much and furnishes next to nothing. Published by the author and for sale by Dillingham & Co., New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Wide Awake for May is a very brilliant number. Jessie Benton Fremont contributes a thrilling tale of personal adventure in the early mining days of California, entitled "Besieged." The article on "Children of the White House," during the administration of Jackson, is of remarkable interest, and it is richly illustrated with twenty pictures. The many other sketches, poems, etc., will all be read with pleasure and profit. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

The Century for May has three papers on Samoa, the first, "Samoa; the Isles of the Navigators," by Harvey W. Whittaker; the second, "Our Relations to Samoa," by George H. Bates, the Commissioner sent thither in 1886, and the third, "The Tuscarora's Mission in Samoa," by Captain Henry Erben. There is a paper "Italian Old Masters-Orcagna," by W. J. Stillman, and several interesting illustrations; and another, "Recollections of Jean Francois Millet," by Wyatt Eaton, with numerous engravings after his works and portraits. Edward L. Wilson writes of "Round About Jerusalem: and "The Monasteries of Ireland" is the subject of an article by Charles de Kay. The number in respect to engravings and contents is fully up to the standard of the magazine, and is exceptionally varied and interesting. Published by the Century Co., New York.

Margery, a Tale of Old Nuremberg, from the German of George Ebers, has been published by Messrs. W. S. Gottsberger & Co., who have issued translation of so many of of this great author's works. The story is full of charm. The scene is laid in the fifteenth century, and the same remarkable skill shown by Ebers in reproducing the people and the manners and customs of ancient Egypt and Rome, is here shown in its fullest development in reviving the Nuremberg of nearly five hundred years ago. The heroine, Margery, tells her own story in the simple and artless language of the time, and with extreme minuteness, recording everything that had happened to her, from her childhood to the close of her life. The story itself is abundant in interest, but the chief attractiveness of the novel is the vivid picture it affords of the life of the period in which the scene is laid. For sale by Porter & Coates.

The opening article of the May *Cosmopolitan* is a finely illustrated paper on "The Studios of New York," by Elizabeth Bisland. "The Paris Conservatoire," by Mme. M. Van de Velde, is an attractive paper, illustrated with portraits of the instructors of that celebrated school. Frank B. Sanborn contributes "The Great Agitation," paper, which treats of Benjamin Lundy. A series of "In the Field Papers" is commenced, the initial contribution being by Chas. S. Pelham Clinton, and is entitled "Fox Hunting Near the Metropolis," accompanied by sixteen engravings. "The Penitent Brothers," illustrated, describes a sect of fanatics residing in an obscure corner of New Mexico. Among other articles in this number are "On the Seventh Level," by Profs. C. M. Gayley and D. H. Browne, illustrated; "The American School at Athens," by Prof. A. C. Merriam, illustrated; "From the Sea to the Desert," by David Ker; "Social Problems," by Edward Everett Hale; an instalment of the Chinese novel, poetry, etc. John Brisben Walker, publisher, 303 Fifth avenue, New York.

THE KITE AND THE SEAGULL.—Some fishermen while engaged near Belfast, Ireland, picked up a large seagull, which was seen approaching the boat with wings outspread floating on the water, but quite dead. The men were puzzled to account for the progress it made through the water as it went faster than the boat; but as it came near it was found that, wound securely round the body and under the wings, was a string which they discovered was attached to a large paper kite then flying above them at a considerable height. The kite had furnished the propelling power. The bird had, evidently, while flying at Belfast, got entangled in the string of a boy's kite, had been unable to extricate itself, and, taking to the sea, had been drowned in its efforts to obtain freedom.

THE newest luxuries indulged in by the ladies at the lunch tables are "ladies comfits." They are too strong for the rosebuds. These comfits are balls of white sugar as large as a nutmeg, and each contains a brandied cherry. Bright eyes grow brighter as the comfits disappear and after lunch remarks grow witty and there is a social feeling among the guests that is enlarged and accentuated every time a comfit is swallowed.

I HAD BEEN SPITTING BLOOD for sometime, had night sweats, and a terrible Cough, but through the use of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, my symptoms gradually disappeared. I recommend the Expectorant as a sure medicine for Coughs, Colds and Consumption.—MR. BURT LAMBERT, Henrietta, Ohio.

OCEAN CONCERTS.

TO those who love the sea, it supplies an ever-varying source of actual and speculative pleasure.

But amidst the many strange sights and sounds of which the ocean is so prolific, few can compare with what may be aptly termed an "Ocean Concert."

Perhaps the first picture conveyed to the mind of the reader by such a phrase will be that of a transatlantic liner plowing her way across the ocean, whilst in her main saloon some of the passengers are giving the time-honored and praiseworthy "instrumental and vocal entertainment, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the funds of the Sailors' Orphanage," the affair being precisely similar, save for the surroundings, to some hundreds of others which may be in progress at the same moment in various towns and villages of the land.

No; it is of a very different musical performance we speak, a dramatic and weird natural oratorio not often to be heard or witnessed, full of grandeur and awe and mystery.

Come quietly down to the seashore and an imaginary dress-rehearsal shall take place, for the bountiful goddess of fancy will supply any necessary elements which may not be present for the occasion.

The night is not dark, for the moon is high in the firmament, and her silvery rays are reproduced in a million glimmering fragments of sheen on the dancing surface of the water.

The air is very still, and the waves plash quietly on the sand, whilst far away in the deep blue vista shine little dots of light, the sole indications of the presence of mighty steamers and more graceful sailing vessels.

But what is that white moving mass over there in the horizon?

It is a thick wall of fog, which rapidly yet imperceptibly makes its insidious approach, and, almost before the spectator feels its chilly embrace, the fair scene of sea and sky, with the twinkling lights and the dancing moonbeams, is shut out from view, and nothing remains but an opaque luminosity, which obscures all objects except a few stones or a sand-drift at one's feet.

This is but the prelude to the concert, which is speedily inaugurated by a hoarse note from the foghorn of a neighboring steamer.

One loud and long-sustained blast, and then, for a moment, silence, which is soon broken by the shrill cry of a seagull hurtling through the air en route to some distant cliff.

And then, with a terrific concatenation of sound, the entire orchestra exerts its full force.

High over this indescribable din resounds the shrill scream of the steam-whistle, fitfully asserting its ear-splitting power by short jerky snaps or long-drawn shrieks; while, in regular, even pulsation may be heard through all the notes the deep full clang of the warning bells on board the sailing-vessels.

For fully a minute does this solemn ensemble continue; but at last, as though in obedience to an unseen conductor's baton, the different instruments are hushed, and the sad low song of the waves is heard, as in mournful cadence they fall on the shore, and retreat again to the watery depths, churning up the shells and pebbles and seaweed as they go.

But now another sound breaks on the ears, for in fitful irregular beats the distant bell-buoy faithfully performs its duty by warning the unsuspecting mariner of the whereabouts of the hidden rock on which it is anchored.

For now, listen to that loud sharp whistle which travels like an arrow through the air.

It is the signal that some gallant bark is about to haul in her halliards and change her course, owing to her captain having heard the guardian bell. Not for long, however, does this peaceful interlude continue.

Hark! What causes that loud throbbing sound away to the left?

It is a large steamship, whose iron framework has polarised her compasses, and when the fog cleared off, her captain found that she was heading direct for the land.

As we turn to leave the grand amphitheatre which has so lately staged our ocean concert, a noise of puffing and blowing and tumbling about in the water is heard at some little distance.

It is a porpoise, perhaps a descendant of the gentleman who aided the dolphin in his endeavor to win for Neptune the affections of Amphitrite.

He also has been an auditor of the oceanic cantata, and he has evidently enjoyed it.

CHARACTER.—The character of a man, like the character of a people, may, be judged by his own estimation of a woman. The lower he is in the scale of humanity, the less he amounts to as an individual, the poorer is apt to be his opinion of her. An inferior man is apt to speak of woman patronizingly, if not slightingly, as members of the softer or weaker sex. He admits that their hearts and intentions are good, intimating that their minds and acts will not bear scrutinizing. But a man of intellect, capable of understanding and sympathizing with women, will seldom accept such judgment. He is qualified to appreciate them mentally, to see that they are often cleverer than himself and that their instincts are correcter, their perceptions clearer, their intellingence quicker.

THE POET'S PUZZLE.

Pray, give me a rhyme for Prescription.
A rhyme of most any description.
I have puzzled my brain,
Several minutes in vain,
For a list of new rhymes for Prescription.

"Faith," said Bridget (and her ruby lips shone),
"That illegant Favorite Prescription:
Sure, it saved the dear life
Of me first cousin's wife,
'Tis the truth, and no bit of deception."

Quoth Rachel, the student, "Prescription?"
'Tis as easy to rhyme as Egyptian,
On every one's tongue
Its praises are sung,
With neither bad rhymes nor ellipsion."

"Yes," said grandma, "Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Does good without any exception:
That sickly Jane Gray
Has tried it, they say,
And it cured her of nerves and conniption."

WARRANTED. "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and delicate derangements, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of its giving satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Few remedies possess the wonderful virtues necessary to sustain themselves under such a peculiar system of business as being sold under absolute guaranty.

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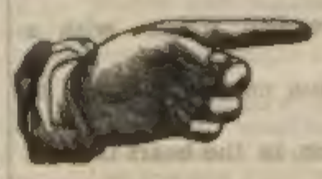
SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS.

They are the Original Little Liver Pills. Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless. As a LIVER PILL, Unequaled!

ONE PELLET A DOSE! SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE.



TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or C, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, Fe, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

Humorous.

A MYSTERY.

My fellow-traveler's face was wan and pale,
And when he met my gaze he seemed to quail,
He made pretense to read some paltry book;
Yet could he not—his hand all nerveless shook.

Some mystery, thought I, doth lie behind
All this; this creature longs for peace of mind,
Remorse is preying on him now, perchance
A crime is here, or maybe a romance.

Else, why this pallor? Why these blood-shot orbs?
And why this sorrow that his life absorbs?
Has he some luckless fellow mortal slain?
Or is he a rejected, love-lorn swain?

At last he turned, with a distressing sigh,
And fixed on me his wild and restless eye;
Then in a voice emotion seemed to choke,
He said: "Have you got anything to smoke?"

—U. N. Nown.

Ten to one—12 50 o'clock.

Can you call a man chopping ice a water cracker?

A theatrical company is charitable when it plays to a poor house.

The pugilist boxes his man before he lays him out. The undertaker, on the contrary, lays out his man before he boxes him.

A Virginia editor has seen a cat that can fire off a gun. We never saw a cat perform this feat, but we have seen a cat-fish.

Stranger, in the court room: "What time have you got, please?" Prisoner, at counsellor's table: "I can tell you better after the trial."

Rogers: "Aren't you afraid you will get fired if you come down to the office so late in the morning?" Pogers: "No, I'm fireproof; I own stock in the concern."

Mrs. O'Bull: "This is the seventh noight you've come home in the morning. The next time you go out, Misther O'B., you'll stay at home and open the door for yersilf."

Cook, next day after her arrival: "I am often a little hasty, madame, and then I am apt to be saucy; but you needn't mind—you can make me a little present, and I'll get pleasant again."

It is said that in some parts of Africa there are birds with bills a yard in length. If the theory of transmigration of souls is a correct one, these birds must be the spirits of departed lawyers.

Sunday-school teacher: "There are just a few moments now before school closes. Would any of you like to ask a question?" Thoughtful pupil: "Yes'm, I should. When Adam fell do you suppose Eve laughed?"

"I do not think, madam, that any man of the least sense would approve your conduct!" said an indignant husband. "Sir," retorted his better half, "how can you judge what any man of the least sense would do?"

The young married boarder: "I really believe that Mrs. Smith thinks more of that dog of hers than she does of her poor little baby." The old bachelor boarder: "Well, I don't blame her a bit. He's a nice, quiet kind of a dog."

A beggar had hung a board with the words "I am blind" round his dog's neck. One morning a policeman found the man reading a newspaper, and said to him: "Then you are not blind, I see?" "No, sir, my eyesight is first-rate; it's my dog that is blind."

Encouraging. "Well, how did you enjoy yourself in the Art Exhibition?" "Oh, splendidly! I looked at nobody's pictures but yours! You see, there were always so many people standing before the other pictures, and there was always plenty of room by yours!"

Bankrupt's wife: "Well, at any rate, the Thompson failure was worse than ours!" Sympathizing friend: "Why, I thought it was just the other way." Bankrupt's wife: "No, indeed; Edward only failed for 10 cents on the dollar, while Mr. Thompson failed for 60!"

Guest, attempting to carve: "What kind of chicken is this, anyhow?" Waiter: "Dat's a genuine Plymouth Rocker, sah." Guest, throwing up both hands: "That explains it, by George! I knew she was an old-timer, but I had no idea she dated back there. Take 'er away. I draw the line on the hen-house of the Mayflower."

He was taking her home, after the theatre and a little supper at the Continental. "Darling," said he, suddenly, as he gazed dreamily at the silvery disk overhead, "why am I like the moon?" "It isn't because you are full, is it?" she asked, as she edged away from him. "No," said he sadly, "it's because I'm on my last quarter."

A proud moment. Magistrate: "Were you ever arrested before, Uncle Rastus?" Uncle Rastus: "Yes, sah, I war 'rested, but I war discha'ged; an' I tell yo', yo'r Honah, dat I war nebber so proud in my life as when I walked down dat court-room a free and honorable man." Magistrate: "Then you were not proven guilty, Uncle Rastus?" "No, sah; dere was a flaw in the indictment, sah."

Husband: "My dear, those trousers are frayed at the bottom." Wife: "They are the best you've got, John, except your dress trousers." Husband: "Well, give those to me. I have an important interview to-day, in which I expect to be at different times proud, haughty, indifferent, dignified and perhaps a trifle disdainful. A man can't be all that successfully with fringe on the bottoms of his trousers."

Misfortune in nine times out of ten is simply another name for laziness or bad management, and it really isn't anything to your credit to be croaking all the time about misfortune.

If you have no employment, or are being poorly paid for the work you are doing, then write to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to transform Miss-fortune into Madame-fortune. Try it.

SMALL DECEITS.—Men at first deceive, knowing it; but by the constant use of deception they cease to even know that they are doing it. Gradually it blinds the moral sense. And it is in this direction that great lies are less harmful than little ones. Men think that a great black lie is very culpable.

I suppose it is. But when an armorer wishes by scouring to cut the very surface of the metal down, what does he do? Take a bar of iron and rub it? No; he takes emery. Its particles are as small as a pin's point; and these he puts on, and by scouring he cuts down the surface—takes off the enamel.

You think that a great lie is a great sin, and a great shame to man; but after all, these little lies are more dangerous, because there are so many of them; and because each one of them is diamond-pointed.

And these little petty untruths which are so small that you do not notice them, and so numerous that you cannot estimate them are the ones that take off the very enamel of the moral sense—cut away its surface. And men become so accustomed to it, that they do not recognize that they are putting things in false lights, when, by word, by deed, by indirections, by exaggerations, by shifting the emphasis, by various dynamical means, they present things, not as they see them, but as they want to see them.

A JOKE ON A JOKER.—A good story is related at the expense of a certain hotel keeper. A stranger who had been stopping at the house for a few weeks asked the landlord how far it was to a mountain, which appeared to be a couple miles distant, although, in fact, it was nearly fifty.

The stranger said he thought he would walk out to it for exercise. The landlord encouraged the man, who, after borrowing the former's fine field glass, immediately started.

The | ke was too rich for the hotel keeper to keep, and he told everybody about it with glee. But the pedestrian did not return.

The landlord at last became suspicious, and found that the valise which the stranger had left was filled with brickbats, and that he had carried off seventeen towels and everything else that he could get into his pockets. Besides this, he owed a two weeks' bill. He is probably still walking.

A RAT STORY.—A St. Louis policeman reports watching the manœuvres of a gray old rat in an alley in that city. Emerging from a hole she moved cautiously to a pan of water standing near. Presently five young ones rushed out and raced to see which would reach the water first. The old rodent seemed much alarmed, and with a bound, leaped to the edge of the pan, raised herself on her haunches, and bit and scratched at her offspring whenever they attempted to drink. After she had succeeded in chasing the young ones back into their hole, she wet her whiskers in the water, looked rather suspiciously about, and sipped the water very cautiously, as if to learn whether or not it contained poisonous matter. Then, after a satisfied glance round, she gave a squeak, and the five young rats came running out and all drank their fill.

LET wickedness escape as it may at the bar, it never fails of doing justice upon itself; for every guilty person is his own hangman.

OLD HUTCH'S SECRET.

B. P. Hutchison, better known as Old Hutch, astonished the world by the manner in which he manipulated the Chicago wheat market—making, 'tis said the enormous sum of $5,000,000 on his wheat deals, in less than one month. Eccentric; possessed of little education, his success seemed marvellous!

His friends and those who know him best were not surprised.

A prominent resident broker of Chicago, who knows him well, tersely sums up Hutchison in these words: "What he knows he knows well, and that's Old Hutch's secret."

We once heard a prominent stock operator, speaking of Jay Gould, remark: "He knew a year ago what the balance of us are just finding out. Gould knows his business thoroughly and we don't, else we, too, would be Goulds."

A noted manufacturer of certain medicinal remedies has achieved a world-wide reputation simply because he possesses a thorough knowledge of his business.

Enterprising and progressive, he was not disposed to rest content with the introduction of the only genuine remedy for the prevention and cure of all kidney and liver disorders, the name and character of Warner's Safe Cure being familiarly known in every household throughout the entire civil sedworld—but he concluded to further benefit the world and revive some old-fashioned remedies which have, for a period, been lost.

Rediscovered, they are the oldest, the newest and the best.

Used when the Pilgrim Fathers landed, they have been much improved upon and are now known as "Warner's Log Cabin Remedies." Chief among them being "Log Cabin Sarsaparilla," for the blood, and "Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy," a tonic and stomach remedy.

Old Hutch's secret is worth its millions of dollars to him, and millions of people in the United States will rejoice that they are now enabled to secure the best of those old-time Log Cabin Remedies through the use of which our grandparents attained and enjoyed rugged, healthy old age.

REGULATING ONE'S WEIGHT.—The following is recommended as natural and harmless. To increase the weight: Eat to the extent of satisfying a natural appetite of fat meats, butter, cream, milk, cocoa, chocolate, bread, potatoes, peas, parsnips, carrots, beets; farinaceous foods, as Indian corn, rice, tapioca, sago, corn starch, pastry, custards, oatmeal, sugar, sweet wines and ale. Avoid acids. Exercise as little as possible; sleep all you can, and don't worry or fret. To reduce the weight: Eat to the extent of satisfying a natural appetite of lean meat, poultry, game, eggs, milk moderately, green vegetables, turnips, succulent fruits, tea or coffee. Drink lime juice, lemonade and acid drinks. Avoid fat, butter, cream, sugar, pastry, rice, sago, tapioca, corn starch, potatoes, carrots, beets, peas, parsnips and sweet wines. Exercise freely.

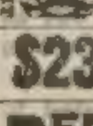
IF I were to pray for a taste which would stand by me under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.

WANTED—The address of one WILLIAM BIEBER, son of Charles Bieber, deceased, who lived in Philadelphia in 1861. He being an heir to his father's estate his address is wanted by C. P. RICHEY, Adam't, Van Wert, Ohio

GOOD-BYE, my Lover, Good-Bye, &c

4 PACKS OF CARDS FREE. One Pack May I C U Home Cards, One Pack Hold

99 Sample Styles of Hidden Name and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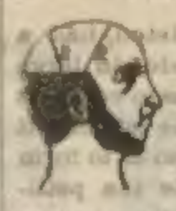

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream,** to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 20, '83. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.
I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly turning ag, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

OAK HALL S. E. Corner Sixth and Market Sts.
Dear Sir:—If an inquiry was made to me as to where and from whom a good article of Hair Tonic could be obtained, I would, from long experience, recommend "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," as the very best article manufactured.

Yours truly,
W. H. WANAMAKER.

To MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.
I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract" for the past ten or twelve years, and have found it a most excellent "Tonic" for the hair, having cleansing and invigorating properties of a very high order.

Respectfully,
LEWIS S. COX.

It gives me great pleasure to give my testimony as to the value of "Dollard's Herbanium." I have used nothing else on my head for thirty years, and feel sure I owe to its use the perfectly healthy state of my scalp and hair.

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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
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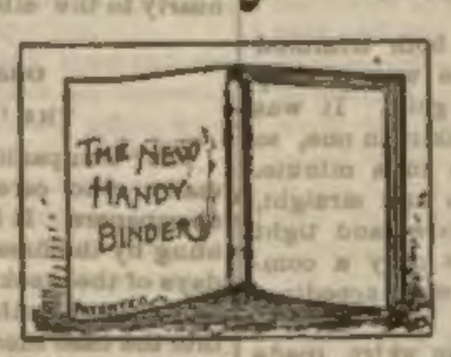

Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST if it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. Its size makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding, so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS," now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

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This HANDY BINDER will be sent, all postage paid, on receipt of 75 cents, or free as a premium to any of our present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber and $2.00.

Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
720 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A wedding dress, just completed, had a train of pure white satin brocaded in large marguerites, and so arranged as to vary the ordinary straight back. On the left side it was brought toward the front so as to form a wing; while on the other side the petticoat shows all round to the back.

The petticoat is of white satin covered with deep Brussels lace, part of which is caught up in Greek drapery on to one side of the bodice. The long train is protected from the possible soiling from church or vestry steps by a roll of wadding underneath the lining of the hem, and a full and wide net ruching, also placed underneath, and so lifting up the train some three or four inches from the ground.

Another was of plain and embroidered India crepe. It was Princess back, with long train; straight sides, with panels of embroidery; close-fitting body, with plain sleeves, and the collar and pointed cuffs of embroidery. Fans of crepe lisse were set underneath the turned-back edges of the cuffs. Long veil of tulle.

A lovely gown of white faille Francaise, also made with a Princess back, had a long train laid in wide plaits; plain body and sleeves, with cuffs and puffed shoulder-cape finished with elegant passementerie; deep collar of passementerie. Tulle veil.

A lovely bridesmaid's gown was of embroidered crepe lisse. The skirt is a deep flounce of the crepe lisse gathered into a pointed belt, full waist, full sleeves, collar and cuffs of folds of the material. The pointed belt is of velvet, with long ends from one side of the front. Small toque of velvet, trimmed with flowers.

The following is a discription of some of the exquisite gowns belonging to a trousseau: A white dinner gown was of exceedingly rich satin, with an armure stripe over which a pretty straggling floral pattern is brocaded. The front of this is draped with Irish point, the hem being bordered with a pinked-out ruche of white satin. A white lisse chemisette was prettily arranged on the bodice. Sleeves reaching half way to the elbow were made of satin, and were left open on the top of the arm, edged with pearls, and showing a puff of lisse which looked extremely well.

An evening gown was of golden brown peau de soie, the long train arranged in a sort of wing fashion. The petticoat consisted of exceptionally fine brown jet embroideries in the pin pattern. A scarf of white crepe de chine, commencing from under the bodice on the right side, was drawn across the front, and, hanging in two long ends on the left, has a novel and good effect.

Another evening gown was of a rich deep Mandarin yellow corded silk. It had a long trained back made perfectly plain, while in front the skirt was draped with some Indian gold embroidery on thick white muslin. This did not reach to the waist, but was met by a deep sash of the silk, which crossed in the front and fell at the side in double ends, fringed. The low bodice was pointed back and front, and had a V-shaped stomacher of similar gold embroidery to that on the skirt.

Another was of a light pink silk, of firm, well-woven texture. The front was covered with lisse exquisitely embroidered in various colors, and the low bodice, with a little of this same embroidery, had ribbon velvet of mousse and other tones encurring in the silk work.

The two tea-gowns were both trimmed with Indian material. One was a deep red, mixed with red and gold. It was made long, the bodice and skirt in one, so that it could be slipped on in a minute. The collar exceedingly high and straight, the sleeves ruffled to the elbow, and tight at the wrist. This was not only a comfortable gown but one that was exceedingly stylish when worn.

The other was short in the skirt, made entirely of thick white Indian muslin, embroidered in gold, draped over silk, the skirt fastening over the bodice, with a wide sash falling at the back.

Of course, we must have something new both in style and fabric each season for those who are so unfortunate as to have to wear mourning. There are several specialties this year in silks, one being the sole royale, which is to be had plain, or serving as a groundwork to brocaded or satin stripes and tracery designs. It has a minute-draped pattern over it, which gives it a dull but rich look, and it is in black, white and every shade of gray. It is the material par excellence of the season for rich mourning costumes and mantles.

Regence is another silken novelty with a ribbed satin face resembling faille Francaise, making up handsomely both in dress and mantles. Sole eclat comes next; is rich-looking at a moderate price, followed by cashemere royale. The latter is a grenadine silk, with a little wool introduced to give it a cashmere touch. It looks like an extremely rich cashmere, and has a silken back. It is particularly effective with crape.

Some of the brocades are magnificent, and nearly all have large designs. Others have a graceful, continuous floral design up the centre, a small edition of it up each edge, and little detached sprays scattered over the surface.

In thinner fabrics there are silk warp armures, with broche designs, suitable for evening dresses; embroidered crepe de chine, with a concentrated design at the base forming a deep border, rising upward and softening off into scattered sprays. Balzerine is a sort of narrowed striped grenadine with broad border of simulated crape; the pongee have a printed design, overshadowed by a delicate tracery of silk wool.

The broche in figured nun's veiling, and the thicker nun's cloth, the light camel's hair and a fine French twill serge are all to be fashionable, and in nearly all cases the designs culminate at what is intended to be the base of the front skirt drapery and lose themselves in small, detached groups. Plain material is usually supplied with the figured, to make up into a costume.

A specialty is nun's veiling with as many as ten rows of inch-wide ribbons woven in at their own distance apart. Another specialty is snow-flake crepe nun's veiling in light gray, with squares traced out as large as muffler handkerchiefs, in white fancy woven design, with two of the corners ornamented. These are intended to form panels, and are both uncommon and stylish.

There is considerable novelty in tea gowns, one of silk and brocade having the front composed of two long pieces, which form the full bodice, tie over at the waist, and fall in long scarf ends edged with frills of muslin.

In dinner gowns there is a most effective model, which is neither quite Directoire nor Regence, but represents both styles. The low bodice and train are of black brocade, the full bodice, front, sleeves and petticoat of white silk muslin, powdered with jet spangles, forming a design at the base of the skirt, and fringed with jet, resting on a ruche of white satin. A broad black satin sash ties across the waist and falls at the left side. This style of gown will be copied in various materials.

Long and short mantles seem to be equally popular, and dull and bright jet, rich tape guipure and French lace ornament everything profusely.

One example of a long mantle is in shades of gray brocade, with a back ground, lined throughout with silver-gray satin. It has long, loose sleeves of dull, rich open-work guipure and epaulets of passementerie in the gray shades of the brocade. The form is most graceful and partly close-fitting.

Another, in black sole royale, has a Directoire front of black, finely plaited lace, with broad silk waistband, bretelles of lace going over the shoulders, meeting at the back of the waist, and falling into folds of lace, reaching to the ground. From the shoulders fall finely plaited, loose, open sleeves of lace, with extremely handsome epaulets of looped jet reaching nearly to the elbow.

Ideas and Ends.

THE "COMPANION."

The "Companion" will give pleasure to many who care to take cuttings from newspapers. It is a case intended to be hung by the fireside, with divisions for the days of the week, a large pair of scissors and a paper knife in front, while slipped into the base there is a book labeled "Extracts."

Another case, red or blue, to hang against the wall, bears the words, "Letters for the Post," and has ample room in the pocket for letters and newspapers; it has memorandum slates on both sides, and in the middle there is a dial telling the hours of postage.

There are a few new paper knives, one with a handle made of a small natural-pointed horn; another with a faithful model of a seal for handle.

The baskets which came out last Christmas under the name of a "gentleman's work basket," have now been enlarged upon, and produced in leather to resemble basket work. They are lined with red morocco, and are furnished with ink-bottles, paper knife, scissors, etc. Underneath a drawer comes out, which contains a blotting-pad, and when this is raised there is a store of paper and envelopes below. The basket, to the eye, looks no larger than that originally introduced, but seldom have writing necessaries been packed in a more compact form.

"Ye old stocking" is a new notion in purses. It has a crescent-shaped steel top, and is shaped like a stocking, worked in crochet in stripes of alternate red and blue silk. From time immemorial stockings have been used to hold money.

Photograph frames are always in request. The old brocades and tapestry have superseded plush, and now a cockle shell in several tones of artistic green has been turned to this purpose, and is decidedly ornamental as well as useful.

A drum in blue and silver is a good idea for an aneroid; and one of the cheapest presents, having an excellent appearance, is a clock and a pair of vases to match, in red or blue pottery, bordered with gold, presenting rough surface like mortar on a wall.

A new reticule is made in old brocade, set in gold braid, with repousse figures in old silver.

Another novelty in bags has much to commend it, viz., a long narrow leather bag for music, having a nickel fastening; it is portable, just long enough for the music, but capable of holding a pair of slippers, and other small odds and ends as well.

A good and substantial card-box is made in repousse brass, with bezique, whist and cribbage, plenty of cards and counters. This is a box which would last a long time; it could, when it requires it, be rubbed up with the same adjuncts as a door-knocker, not being lacquered. Lacquered goods only require being rubbed with a leather, and any other treatment simply ruins them. Nothing suffers so much from misplaced zeal as brass work.

With two novelties, very different, the list closes, one a diminutive china scent-bottle, known as a pilgrim bottle, and a wicker-work couch, colored brown, covered with stripe of neutral-tinted velvet, and with stripe of tapestry, bordered with fringe. It would take up but little room, and is an ornamental piece of furniture as well.

Pretty rustic baskets for small growing plants or for cut flowers are made of the common Zulu or rush hats. The brim is turned and fastened to the top of the crown in three or four places, at equal intervals, thus making three or four receptacles for the flowers or plants; the three-cornered shape is the prettiest, and the receptacles are sufficient large enough for good-sized flower-pots.

The handle is composed of white rope, the glossy kind used for clothes-lines; two or three strands of rope are loosely knotted or plaited together for the handle, which must be joined to the basket at the three places where the brim is sewn to the crown; all the strands are knotted together at the top, leaving pieces of rope from two to three inches long, which are unraveled to form tassels.

Similar tassels are made of the ends of rope where the handles are joined on. The handle must be of convenient length, standing from six to eight inches above the top of the basket.

Cheese Puffs.—A breakfast cupful of fine bread-crumbs, about the same quantity of grated cheese (Parmesan is the best), a pinch of cayenne and a pinch of salt. Mix well with this about 2 ounces of butter, and one egg well beaten. Make into little balls, egg and bread-crumb them, and fry in plenty of boiling fat. To be served very hot on a napkin.

Orange Pudding.—One ounce of butter, the yolks of five eggs, the grated rind and juice of two oranges, two teaspoonfuls of white soft sugar, good puff paste. Put the butter in a stewpan, add the yolks of the eggs, the rind and juice of the oranges and sugar, stir over the fire till it thickens, but do not allow it to boil. Line a tart dish with puff paste and pour in the mixture. Bake in a quick oven and serve either hot or cold.

Claret Jelly.—Dissolve 2 ounces of gelatine in a little cold water; when dissolved add half a pint of boiling water, half a pound of loaf sugar, a bit of cinnamon and a few cloves, the thinly-pared rind of a lemon and its juice, the whites of two eggs well beaten, and their shells. Mix all together and pour from one vessel into another till quite frothy, then allow it to simmer gently on the fire for a quarter of an hour, strain it through a jelly-bag, add a pint of claret and a wine-glassful of raspberry syrup or vinegar. Boil all together for a few minutes and pour into a wet mould. Serve the next day with whipped cream round it in a glass or silver dish.

Confidential Correspondents.

SCENE.—The word "mascot" is French and means hearth angel. The mascot is supposed to bring good fortune to the house in which it lives.

SUBSCRIBER.—Take a watch-key and press the opening over the black heads. This will force them out, as they are nothing more than the effects of respiration clogged in the skin.

LILLIE.—"If a gentleman is engaged to a lady, never calls on her, has given her no engagement ring, but says he loves her, and intends to keep his word," we think you ought to break off the engagement at once.

PALWAM.—You could increase the interest of your literary society by introducing short discussions on popular topics, essays and select reading by the members. It is not wise to devote the entire session to a single exercise.

ETWAS.—"Boxing the Compass" means repeating the thirty-two points of the mariner's compass in their regular succession. The word "Boxing" is said to be derived from the Spanish term, "Boxar," meaning to sail round.

THE HILL.—The Senators and Representatives composing the Legislature of Pennsylvania are paid $1,500 and mileage each for regular sessions and $500 and mileage for special sessions. There is no limit to the length of the sessions.

REDRIC.—Quit Rent is a corruption of the Saxon Hwit Rent, meaning white rent, or rent paid in white or silver money, and not in the coin in which other rents were paid. It has nothing of the meaning of the word quit, so that the interpretation often given it is not correct.

CHESTER M.—"Chic" is a French slang term, meaning stylish, bright, witty and self-poised. It is usually applied to women. "Gone Up Salt River" is a term applied to the defeated party at a Presidential election. It had its origin from a small river in Kentucky of that name, the navigation of which was both difficult and unpleasant.

SOLIS.—The Earth is nearer the Sun during the winter in the northern hemisphere than during summer, the difference being about two millions of miles. Queen Victoria was christened Alexandrina Victoria. She is the daughter of Mary Louise Victoria, and of Edward, Duke of Kent, son of George III. She belongs to the House of Brunswick.

PRESIDENT.—A Roman Catholic is eligible to any office in the United States from President to Postmaster. To be eligible to the Presidency, however, he must be native born. The Constitution of the United States recognizes no distinction of creed. The only State in the Union in which Catholics are not on an equality with all other citizens in the matter of office-holding is New Hampshire.

SEVEN.—We should try all the egg recipes, and adopt that which gave the best results. A better than the whitewashing process is the use of varnish, but we should imagine both these processes too troublesome. A very good mode of preservation is to place them in lime-water, adding a little salt. Another process is to place the eggs in a pot into which melted tallow, not too hot, is poured. The tallow hardens round and preserves the eggs, and may afterwards be used for other purposes.

E. L. S.—What is known as Turkey red gives a fine color to cotton, but the process is long and difficult. Shades of red, crimson, and scarlet may be obtained by steeping the cotton for some hours in a decoction of sumach. Afterwards passing in a dilute solution of salt of tin, then working in the decoction of dyewood. Barwood, limawood, or peachwood, with varying quantities of fustic and logwood, give all the shades necessary.

SURNAMES.—They originated in a great variety of ways, certain names being applied to certain parties originally from some personal peculiarity, or special circumstance, and becoming fixed as the family name of his descendants. Thus many are named from the colors—Black, Brown, etc.; many from trades, as witness Smith, Carpenter, etc.; from their country, as English, Scott, etc. A long list of such evident names might be made; and in probably a majority of cases the original meaning of the name can be discovered.

M. N. M.—The debt of the United States on July 1st, 1865, was [illegible] dollars. On July 1st, 1869, it was 2,492,880,070 43 dollars, the difference between these two sums will represent the cost of the war and of the Government during the four years intervening. The trial of President Johnson undoubtedly cost the Government something, but no statement of its real cost has been made. The late census makes our population a little over 40 millions. Each generation lives, on an average, about 33 years. Divide the numbers of the population by 33 and you will arrive at the annual deaths nearly.

READER.—Greece as a country, is not cool. Frost appears there scarcely once in twenty years. The orange, lemon, olive, date, palm, and other tropical trees grow there in the open air. At present men sleep in the streets from the middle of May to the end of September. In fact there is no more equable and charming climate, the heats of summer being tempered by cool sea breezes. Greece is a hot work of mountains. Scarce two-fifths of the land is capable of cultivation, and that not especially fertile. The most talented of the Grecian people were very temperate eaters. An ordinary American farm laborer eats enough to keep a family of Athenian Greeks.

INQUIRER.—Apollo is no more. He was one of the superior Grecian gods, devoted to music, celebrated for beauty, great in warlike achievements; known otherwise as Sol, the Sun, of which he was really a deification. Cleopatra was the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, King of Egypt. She was deprived of the crown by her guardian, but succeeded in winning the love of Julius Cæsar, who replaced her on the throne. After his death she captivated Mark Antony. She finally tried her arts on the Emperor Augustus; but failing to win him, she put herself to death by permitting an asp to bite her—so as to prevent being made to figure in a Roman triumph. Shakspeare was a great poet, the greatest of English, and, as many think, the greatest of all poets. There is no more occasion for a lady to take off her hat to a minister than to a layman. Etiquette requires nothing of the sort.